A KING, AND NO KING.

Acted at the *Black-Fryars*, by his *Majesties* Servants.

And now the fourth time Printed, according to the true Copie.

Written by FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER *Gent.*

The STATIONER to DRAMATOPHILUS.

A Play and no Play, who this Book shall read,
Will judge, and weep, as if 'twere done indeed.

London, Printed in the Year, 1661.

The Personated Persons.

Arbaces, King of Iberia.
Tigranes, King of Armenia.
Gobrias, Lord Protector, and Father of *Arbaces*.
Bacurius, another Lord.
Mardonius, } Two Captaines.
Bessus, }
Lygones, Father of *Spaconia*.
Two Gentlemen.
Three Men and a Woman.
Philip, a servant, and two Citizens wives.
A Messenger.
A servant to *Bacurius*.
Two Sword-men.
A Boy.

Arane. } The Queenes Mother.
Panthea. } Her daughter.
Spaconia. } A Lady, daughter of *Lygones*.
Mandane. } A waiting-woman, and other attendants.

A KING, AND NO KING.

Enter Mardonius and Beſſus, two Captaines. Mardonius.

BEſſus, the King has made a faire hand on't, he has ended the wars at a blow, would my ſword had a cloſe basket hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives, for we ſhall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Beſ. We that are Commanders ſhall do well enough.

Mar. Faith *Beſſus*, ſuch Commanders as thou may, I had as live ſet thee Perdue for a pudding i'th dark, as *Alixander* the great. *Beſ.* I love theſe jeſts exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'ſt 'em better then quarrelling *Beſſus*, i'le ſay ſo much i'thy behalfe, and yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I think thou wouldſt kill any man that ſtopt thee if thou couldſt.

Beſ. But was not this a brave combate *Mardonius?*

Mar. Why didſt thou ſee'r? *Beſ.* You ſtood wi'me.

Mar. I did ſo, but me thought thou winkſt every blow they ſtrook.

Beſ. Well, I believe there are better ſouldiers then I, that never ſaw two Princes fight in liſts.

Mar. By my troth I think ſo too *Beſſus*, many a thouſand, but certainly all that are worſe then thou have ſeen as much.

Beſ. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the warres: I'me glad thou dar'ſt talk of ſuch dangerous buſineſſes.

Beſ. To take a Prince priſoner in the heart of's own Countrey in ſingle combat.

Mar. See how thy blood curdles at this, I think thou couldſt be contented to be beaten i'this paſſion.

Beſ. Shall I tell you truly? *Mar.* I.

Beſ. I could willingly venter for't.

Mar. Um, no venter neither *Beſſus.*

Beſ. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of ſervice then that I'me ſo fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Beſ. Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

Mar. I'me eene heartily glad on't, I have been with thee ere ſince thou cam'ſt to th'warres, and this the firſt word that ever I heard on't, prethee who fames thee.

Beſ. The Chriſtian world.

Mar. 'Tis heatheniſhly done of 'em, in my conſcience thou deſerv'ſt it not. *Beſ.* Yes, I ha' done good ſervice.

Mar. I doe not know how thou may'ſt wait of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of ſhifting of a trencher, but otherwiſe no ſervice good *Beſſus.* *Beſ.* You ſaw me do the ſervice your ſelf. *Mar.* Not ſo haſty ſweet *Beſſus*, where was it, is the place vaniſh'd.

Beſ. At *Beſſus* deſp'rate redemption.

Mar. At *Beſſus* deſp'rate redemption, wher's that?

Beſ. There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name.

Mar. Pray thee, who chriſtened it? *Beſ.* The Souldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merily diſpos'd man, what would become of thee: one that had but a grain of choller in the whole compaſſion of his body, would ſend thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field; did not I beat thee there i'th head, a'th troopes with a trunchion, becauſe thou wouldſt needs run away with thy company, when we ſhould charge the enemy. *Beſ.* True, but I did not run.

Mar. Right *Beſſus*, I beat thee out on't.

Beſ. But came I not up when the day was gon, and redeemd all?

Mar. Thou knoweſt, and ſo do I, thou meaneſt to flie, and thy feare making thee miſtake, thou ranſt upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'ſt, as i'le do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy feare for our victory? if I were the King, and were ſure thou wouldſt miſtake alwaies and run away upon th'enemy, thou ſhouldſt be Generall by this light. *Beſ.* You'l never leave this till I fall foule.

Mar. No more ſuch words dear *Beſſus*, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durſt never ſtrike thee, yet if thou proceed'ſt, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Beſ.

Bef. Come, our King's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is ſo *Beſſus*, I wonder how thou camſt to know it. But if thou wer't a man of underſtanding, I would tell thee, he is vaine-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry and dull, and joyfull and ſorrowfull in extremity in an houre: Doe not think me thy friend for this, for if I cared who knew it thou ſhouldſt not hear it *Beſſus*. Here he is with his prey in his foot. *Enter, &c. Senet Fluriſh.*

Enter Arbaces *and* Tigranes, *two Kings and two Gentlemen.*

Arb. Thy ſadneſſe brave *Tigranes* takes away
From my full victory, am I become
Of ſo ſmall fame, that any man ſhould grieve
When I orecome him? They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour large enough, (he
For the moſt valiant living, but to dare oppoſe me ſingle though
Loſt the day, What ſhould afflict you, you are free as I,
To be my priſoner, is to be more free
Then you were formerly, and never think
The man I held worthy to combate me
Shall be us'd ſervily: Thy ranſome is
To take my onely ſiſter to thy wife,
A heavy one *Tigranes*, for ſhe is
A Lady, that the neighbour Princes ſend
Blancks to fetch home, I have been too unkind
To her *Tigranes*, ſhe but nine yeares old
I left her, and nere ſaw her ſince, your Warres
Have held me long and taught me though a youth,
The way to victory, ſhe was a pretty child,
Then I was little better, but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my meſſengers.
Make me believe ſhe is a miracle;
Shee'l make you ſhrink, as I did with a ſtroke,
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

Tigra. Is't the courſe of *Iberia* to uſe their priſoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above *Arbace*,
I ſhould not thus have talk'd ſir, in *Armenia*,
We hold it baſe, you ſhould have kept your temper
Till you ſaw home againe, where 'tis the faſhion

Perhaps to bragge.

Arb. Be you my witneſſe earth, need I to bragge,
Doth not this captive Prince ſpeake
Me ſufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his ſuffering Land;
Should I then boaſt! where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole Realme, that I have not paſt,
Fighting and conquering; Fare then from me
Be oſtentation, I could tell the world
How I have laid his Kingdome deſolate
By this ſole Arme prop't by divinity,
Stript him out of his glories, and have ſent
The pride of all his youth to people graves,
And made his Virgins languiſh for their Loves,
If I would brag, ſhould I that have the power
To teach the Neighbour world humility
Mix with vain-glory: *Mar.* Indeed this is none.

Arb. Tygranes. Nay did I but take delight
To ſtretch my deeds as others doe, on words,
I could amaze my hearers. *Mar.* So you doe.

Arb. But he ſhall wrong his and my modeſty,
That thinks me apt to boaſt after any act
Fit for a good to doe upon his foe,
A little glory in a ſouldiers mouth
Is wel-becoming, be it fare from vaine.

Mar. Tis pitty that valour ſhould be thus drunk.

Arb. I offer you my ſiſter, and you anſwer
I doe inſult, a Lady that no ſuite
Nor treaſure, nor thy Crowne could purchaſe thee,
But that thou fought'ſt with me.

Tigr. Though this be worſe
Then that you ſpake before, it ſtrikes me not;
But that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your ſiſter, troubles me,
I would give worlds for ranſomes were they mine;
Rather then have her. *Arb.* See if I inſult
That am the Conquerour, and for a ranſome
Offer rich treaſure to the Conquered,

Which

Which he refuſes, and I bare his ſcorne:
It cannot be ſelfe-flattery to ſay,
The daughters of your Countrey ſet by her,
Would ſee their ſhame, run home and bluſh to death,
At their own fouleneſſe; yet ſhe is not faire,
Nor beautifull, thoſe words expreſſe her not,
They ſay her lookes have ſomething excellent,
That wants a name: yet were ſhe odious,
Her birth deſerves the Empire of the world,
Siſter to ſuch a brother, that hath tane
Victory priſoner, and throughout the earth,
Carries her bound, and ſhould he let her looſe,
She durſt not leave him; Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conqueſt on her cheekes,
And make no man worthy for her to taſt
But me that am too neer her, and as ſtrangely
She did for me, but you will think I brag.

Mar. I do ile beſworn. Thy valour and thy paſſions ſever'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds: I know not whether I ſhould be ſorry thou art ſo valiant, or ſo paſſionate, would one of um were away.

Tygr. Doe I refuſe her that I doubt her worth,
Were ſhe as vertuous as ſhe would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her owne ſex
Could find a want, had ſhe ſo tempting faire,
That ſhe could wiſh it off for damning ſoules,
I would pay any ranſome, twenty lives
Rather then meet her married in my bed,
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and ſhe on me,
I am not fickle. *Arb.* Is that all the cauſe?
Think you, you can ſo knit your ſelfe in love
To any other, that her ſearching ſight
Cannot diſſolve it? So before you tride
You thought your ſelfe a match for me in fight,
Truſt me *Tigranes*, ſhe can doe as much
In peace, as I in warre, ſheel conquer too,
You ſhall ſee if you have the power to ſtand

The force of her ſwift lookes, if you diſlike,
I'le ſend you home with love, and name your ranſome
Some other way, but if ſhe be your choice,
She frees you: To *Iberia* you muſt.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a priſoners ſufferance,
And will obey, but give me leave to talk
In private with ſome friends before I goe.

Arb. Some to awaite him forth, and ſee him ſafe,
But let him freely ſend for whom he pleaſe,
And none dare to diſturb his conference,
I will not have him know what bondage is. *Exit Tigranes.*
Till he be free from me, This Prince, *Mardonius*,
Is full of wiſdome, valour, all the graces
Man can receive. *Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't
Hadeſt thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Armes
Be great; Muſt all men that are vertuous
Think ſuddenly to match themſelves with me,
I conquered him and bravely, did I not?

Beſ. And pleaſe your Majeſty, I was afraid at firſt.

Mar. When wert thou other? *Arb.* Of what?

Beſ. That you would not have ſpy'd your beſt advantages, for your Majeſty in my opinion lay too high, me thinks, under favour, you ſhould have layne thus.

Mar. Like a Taylor at a wake.

Beſ. And then, if pleaſe your Majeſty to remember, at one time, by my troth I wiſht my ſelfe wi'you.

Mar. By my troth thou wouldſt ha'ſtunck 'em both out o'th Liſts. *Arb.* What to doe?

Beſ. To put your Majeſty in mind of an occaſion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falſified a blow at your leg, which you by doing thus avoyded; but if you had whip'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the eare, you had made the Blood-royall run down his head.

Mar. What Countrey Fence-ſchoole learn'ſt that at?

Arb. Piſh, did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

Arb. Talk enough.

Will.

Will you confine my words, by heaven and earth,
I were much better be a King of beasts
Then such a people: if I had not patience
Above a god, I should be cal'd a Tyrant
Throughout the world. They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again
And thou art earth again: why this is like
Tygranes speech that needs would say I brag'd
Bessus he said I brag'd. *Bes.* Ha,ha,ha.
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'me grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me in a chaire
And jest at me, but I shall make a start,
And punish some, that other may take heed
How they are haughty; who will answer me?
He said I boasted, speak *Mardonous*,
Did I? He will not answer, O my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grone
To such a poor respect, or doe you meane
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by heaven. 1 *Gent.* So please your.
Arb. Monstrous.
I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,
As if I were too sawcy, I will live
In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject
Can find a freedome to discharge his soule
And not I, now it is a time to speak,
I hearken. 1 *Gent.* May it please. *Arb.* I meane not you,
Did not I stop you once? but I am grown
To balk, but I defie, let another speak.
2 *Gent.* I hope your Majesty.
Arb. Thou drawest thy words,
That I must waite an hour, where other men
Can heare in instants; throw your words away,
Quick, and to purpose, I have told you this.
Bes. And please your Majesty. *Arb.*

Arb. Wilt thou devour me? this is ſuch a rudeneſſe
As you never ſhewd me, and *I* want
Power to command too, elſe *Mardonius*,
Would ſpeak at my requeſt, were you my King,
I would have anſwered at your word *Mardonius*,
I pray you ſpeak, and truly, did *I* boaſt?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter ſuch things as theſe.

Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that ſole arme propt by Divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives?

Arb. O that thy name
Were as great, as mine, would *I* had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as *I* might combate thee,
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and having found thee, wi'my Sword
Drive thee about the World, till *I* had met
Some place that yet mans curioſity
Hath miſt of; there, there would *I* ſtrike thee dead:
Forgotten of Mankind, ſuch funerall rites
As beaſts would give thee, thou ſhouldſt have.

Beſ. The King rages extreamly, ſhall we ſlink away?
Hee'l ſtrike us. 2 *Gent.* Content.

Arb. There *I* would make you know 'twas this ſole arme,
I grant you were my inſtruments, and did
As *I* commanded you, but 'twas this arme,
Mov'd you like wheeles, it mov'd you as it pleaſd,
Whither ſlip you now? what are you too good
To waite on me (*puffe*,) I had need have temper
That rules ſuch people; I have nothing left
At my own choyce, I would I might be private:
Meane men enjoy themſelves, but 'tis our curſe,
To have a tumult that out of their loves
Will waite on us, whether we will or no;
Goe get you gone: Why here they ſtand like death,
My words moves nothing. 1 *Gent.* Muſt we goe?

Beſ.

Bes. I know not.

Arb. I pray you leave me first, I me proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight; *Exeunt all but*
Why now they leave me all; *Mardonius.* *Arb. and Mar.*

Mar. Sir, — *Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? me thinks
Civility should teach you more then thus,
If I were but your friend: Stay here and waite.

Mar. Sir, shall I speak? *Arb.* Why, you would now think much
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat
What I would have: doe, speake.

Mar. But will you heare me out?

Arb. With me you article to talk thus? well,
I will heare you out.

Mar. Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me, that I doe, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one to my witnesse, and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love above the rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my own sake I should have done, because I would have lov'd the most deserving man, for so you are.

Arb. Alas *Mardonius*, rise, you shall not kneele,
We all are souldiers, and all venter lives;
And where there is no difference in mens worths,
Titles are jests, who can out-vaslew thee?
Mardonius thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong,
Thy love is not rewarded, but believe
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius.*

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will; speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your vertues. *Arb.* Eclipse my vertues.

Mar. Yes your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth; but when I speak your faults, you make a start and stop the hearing but. *Arb.* When you commend me? O that I should live
To need such commendations: If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,

I were moſt wretched: ſpare your idle Praiſe:
If thou didſt meane to flatter, and ſhouldſt utter
Words in my Praiſe, that thou thoughtſt impudence,
My deeds ſhould make'm modeſt: when you praiſe I hug you, 'tis
So falſe, that were thou worthy Thou ſhouldſt receive a death, a
Glorious death from me: but thou ſhalt underſtand thy lies, for
Shouldſt thou praiſe me into heaven, & there leave me inthron'd
I would deſpiſe thee though as much as now, which is as much as
Duſt becauſe I ſee thy envie.

Mar. How ever you will uſe me after, yet for your own promiſe ſake, hear me the reſt. *Arb.* I will, and after call unto the wind, For they ſhal lend as large an eare as I to what you utter ſpeak.

Mar. Would you but leave theſe haſty tempers, which I do not ſay take from you all your worth, but darken 'm, then you will Shine indeed. *Arb.* Well. *Mar.* Yet I would have you keep Some paſſions, leſt men ſhould take you for a god, your vertues Are ſuch. *Arb.* Why now you flatter. *Mar.* I never underſtood the word, were you no King, & free from theſe moods, ſhould I chooſe a companion for wit & pleaſure, it ſhould be you: or for honeſty to enterchange my boſome with, it ſhould be you; or wiſedom to give me counſell, I would pick out you; or valour to deſcend my reputation, ſtill I ſhould find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world: if it could come in queſtion: Now I have ſpoke, conſider to your ſelfe, find out a uſe; if ſo, then what ſhall fall to me is not materiall. *Arb.* Is not materiall; more then Ten ſuch lives, as mine *Mardonius*: it was nobly ſaid,
Thou haſt ſpoke truth, and boldly ſuch a truth as might offend another, I have been too paſſionate and idle, thou ſhalt ſee a ſwift Amendment, but I want thoſe parts you praiſe me for: I fight for All the world; Give me a ſword, and thou wilt go as farre beyond me, as thou art beyond in yeares, *I* know thou dar'ſt and Wilt; it troubles me that *I* ſhould uſe ſo rough a phraſe to thee, *Impute* it to my folly, what thou wilt, ſo thou wilt pardon me, that thou and *I* ſhould differ thus. *Mar.* Why 'tis no matter ſir,

Arb. Faith but it is, but thou doſt ever take all things do thus Patiently, for which *I* never can requite thee but with love, and That thou ſhalt be ſure of. Thou & *I* have not been merry lately: Pray thee tel me where hadſt thou that ſame jewel in thy eare;

Mar.

Mar. Why at the taking of a Town.

Arb. A Wench upon my life, a Wench *Mardonius* gave thee that jewel. *Mar.* Wench, they reſpect not me, I'me old and rough and every limb about me, but that which ſhould, grows ſtiffer, I'choſe buſineſſes I may ſware I am truly honeſt: for I pay juſtly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty. *Arb.* Why do the VVenches encroach upon thee? *Mar.* I by this light do They. *Arb.* Didſt thou ſit at an old rent with'em? *Mar.* Yes faith.

Arb. And do they improve themſelves? *Mar.* I ten ſhillings to Me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with. *Arb.* How can'ſt live on't? *Mar.* Why I think I muſt petition to you:

Arb. Thou ſhalt take them up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and Beſſus.

Mar. Your price? *Arb.* I at the Kings price. *Mar.* That may be More then I'me worth. 2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now? 1 *Gent.* I think not. *Beſ.* He is, he is, wee'l ſhew our ſelves. *Arb.* *Beſſus*, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I bad you haſt; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me. *Beſ.* And pleaſe your Majeſty I have a ſute. *Arb.* Is't not lowſie *Beſſus*, what is't? *Beſ.* I am to carry a Lady with me. *Arb.* Then thou haſt too ſutes. *Beſ.* And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Pentha* your Majeſties ſiſter, to learn faſhions, as her friends tearm it, it will be worth ſomething to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as tis thither, wilt not? *Beſ.* I know not that ſir, but gold I ſhall be ſure of. *Arb.* Why thou ſhalt bid her entertain her from me ſo thou wilt reſolve me one thing. *Beſ.* If I can. *Arb.* Faith tis a very diſputable queſtion, and yet I think thou canſt decide it. *Beſ.* Your Majeſty has a good an opinion of my underſtanding. *Arb.* I have ſo good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant. *Beſ.* Some body has traduced me to you: do you ſee this ſword ſir. *Arb.* Yes.

Beſ. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, ſay I am not valiant. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. Health to your Majeſty. *Arb.* From *Gobrias* *Meſ.* Yes ſir.

Arb. How does he, is he vvell? *Meſ.* In perfect health.

Arb. take that for thy good nevvs. A truſtier ſervant to his Prince there lives not, then is good *Gobrias*. 1 *Gent.* The King ſtarts back

Mar. His blood goes back as faſt. 2 *Gent.* And novv it comes againe. *Mar.* He alters ſtrangely. *Arb.* The hand of heaven is on

Me, be it far from me, to struggle, if my secret sins have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me teares I now to wash me white, that I may feel a child-like innocence within my breast; which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand as fix'd as constancy her self my eyes set her unmov'd, regardless of the World though thousand miseries incompasse me. *Mar.* This is strange, sir, how do you? *Arb.* *Mardonius*, my Mother. *Mar.* Is she dead?

Arb. Alas, shee's not so happy, thou dost know
How she hath labour'd since my Father died to take by treason
Hence this loathed life, that would but be to serve her, I have
Pardon'd, & pardon'd, and by that have made her fit to practise
New sins, not repent the old: She now had hir'd a slave to come
From thence, and strike me here, whom *Gobrias* sifting out, took
And condemn'd and executed there, the carful'st servant: heaven
Let me but live to pay that man; Nature is poor to me, that will
Not let me have as many deaths as are the times that he hath
saved my life, that I might dye them over all for him.

Mar. Sir let her bear her sins on her own head,
Vex not your selfe. *Arb.* What will the World
Conceive of me? with what unnaturall sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here, my sister,
He saies is grown in beauty and in grace:
In all the innocent vertues that come
A tender spotlesse maid: she staines her cheekes
With morning teares to purge her mothers ill,
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles Prayers,
Her pure Oblations for my safe return:
If I have lost the duty of a son,
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices,
Nay farther, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,
If ought unto my parent they have erd,
And cald em back: do you direct her arme
Unto this foule dissembling heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out.

Your

Your power to compasse me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no meanes
But prayer: for rather suffer me to see
From mine own veines issue a deadly flood,
Then with my danger off with mothers blood.

Max. I nere such sudden extremities. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why? wilt thou have me die *Spaconia*,
What should I doe? *Spa.* Nay let me stay alone,
And when you see *Armenia* againe,
You shall behold a Tomb more worth then I,
Some friend that ever lov'd me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women, many a weeping verse. He will lay on, and
Much lament those maides, that place their loves unfortunate'y
high, as I have done, where they can never reach; But why should
You go to *Iberia*? *Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me, ask the
Man that rages in a feaver why he lies distempered there, when
All the other youths are courling ore the Meadows with their
Loves? Can I resist it? am I not a slave to him that conquer'd me!

Spa. That conquer'd thee. *Tigranes* he has won but half of thee
thy body, but thy mind may be as free as his, his will did never
Combate thine, and take it prisoner. *Tigr.* But if he by force
convey my body hence, what helps it me or thee to be unwiling.

Spa. O *Tigranes*, I know you are to see a Lady there, to see, and
Like I feare: perhaps the hope of her makes you forget me, ere
we part, be happier then you know to wish: farewell.

Tigr. Spaconia, stay and here me what I say, in short, destruction
Meet me that I may see it, and not avoid it, when I leave to be
Thy faithfull Lover: part with me thou shalt not, there are none
That know our love, and I have given gold unto a Captain that
Goes unto *Iberia* from the King, that he will place a Lady of our
Land with the Kings sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in, perswade her by what
subtile meanes you can to be as backward in her love as I. *Spa.*
Can you imagine that a longing maid when she beholds you, can
Be pull'd away with words from loving you; *Tigr.* Dispraise
My health, my honesty, and tell her I am jealous. *Spa.* Why. I

Had rather loose you: can my heart consent to let my tongue
throw out such words, and I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie? *Tigr.* Yet do thy best.

Bes. What, is your Majestie ready? *Enter Bessus.* *Tigr.* There
Is the Ladie, Captain. *Bes.* Sweet Ladie, by your leave, *I* could
wish my selfe more full of Courtship for your fair sake. *Spa.* Sir
I shall feel no want of that. *Bes.* Ladie you must haste, I have
received new Letters from the King that requires more hast then
I expected, he will follow me sodainlie himselfe, and begins to
call for your Majestie alreadie. *Tigr.* He shall not do so long.
Bes. Sweet Ladie, shall *I* call you my charge hereafter? *Spa.* *I* will
not take upon me to govern your tongue sir, you shall call me
wat you please.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea and Mandane, Waiting-women with attendants.

Gob. MY Lord *Bacurius*, you must have regard unto the
Queen, she is your prisoner, Tis at your peril if
She make escape. *Bac.* My Lord, I know't, she is my prisoner
From you committed; yet she is a woman, and so *I* keep her safe,
you will not urge me to keep her close, *I* shall not shame to say
I sorrow for her. *Gob.* So doe *I* my Lord; *I* sorrow for her,
That so little grace doth govern her; that she should stretch her
arme against her King, so little woman-hood and natural good-
ness, as to think the death of her own Son. *Ara.* Thou knowest
the reason why dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gob. There is a Ladie takes not after you, her father is within
Her, that good man Whose teares weigh'd down his sins, mark
How she weeps, how well it does become her, and if you can find
no disposition in your selfe to sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weep: all this she does
for you, and more she needs When for your selfe you will not
loose A tear; think how this want of grief discredits you, and
you Will weep, because you cannot weep. *Arb.* You talk to me
as having got a time fit for your purpose; but you know I know
You speak not what you think. *Pan.* I would my heart Were
Stone before my softness should be urg'd against my mother, a

more

more troubled thought no Virgin bears about; should I excuse,
My Mothers fault I should set light a life in loosing which, a brother and a King were taken from me, if I seek to save that life so lov'd, I loose another life that gave me being, I shall loose a Mother, a word of such a sound to a childs eares, that it strikes reverence through it; may the will of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall, take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

Ara. But *Gobrias* let us talk, you know this fault is not in me as in another Mother. *Gob.* I know it is not. *Ara.* Yet you make it so. *Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your help? *Ara.* I know It is. *Gob.* Nay, should you publish it before the world, think you 'twood not be believ'd? *Arb.* I know it would.

Gob. Nay should I joyn with you, should we not both be torn, And yet both die uncredited? *Ara.* I think we should. *Gob.* Why then take you such violent courses? As for me I doe but right in Saying of the King from all your plots. *Ara.* The King?

Gob. I bad you rest with patience, and a time would come for me To reconcile all to your own content, but by this way you take away my power, and what was done unknown, was not by me but you: Your urgeing being done *I* must preserve my own, but Time may bring all to light, and happilie for all. *Ara.* Accurſed be this overcurious brain that gave that plot a birth, Accurst this womb that after did conceive to my disgrace. *Bac.* My Lord Protector they say there are divers Letters come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour, receiv'd you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes 'tis most certain. *Bac.* I'm sorrie for't, not that the Day was won, but that 'twas won by him: we held him here a Coward, a did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did All the world, for nor *I*, nor anie other held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my Lord Protector; from the King these letters, And to your Grace Madam, these. *Gob.* How does his Majestie?

Bes. As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant Commanders can make him; your Letters will tell you all. *Pan.* I will not open mine, till *I* doe know my brothers health, good Captain is he well? *Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt? *Bes.* He's a strange souldier

That

That gets not a knocke. *Pan.* I doe not aske how ſtrange that
Souldier is that gets no hurt, but whether he have one. *Beſ.* He
had divers. *Pan.* And is he well againe? *Beſ.* Well, a gaine.
An't pleaſe your Grace, why I was run twice through the body,
and ſhot i'th head with a croſſe arrow, and yet am well againe.
Pan. I do not care how thou do'ſt, is he well? *Beſ.* Not care
How I do, let a man out of the mightineſſe of his ſpirit, fruſtrate
Forreine countries with his blood for the good of his own, and
Thus he ſhall be anſwered: Why I may live to relive with ſpeare
and ſhield, ſuch a Lady as you diſtreſſed. *Pan.* Why, I will care
I'm glad that thou art well, I prethee is he ſo? *Gob.* The King
Is well, and will be here to morrow. *Pan.* My prayer is heard;
Now will I open mine. *Gob. Bacurius*, I muſt eaſe you of your
Charge: Madam, the wonted mercy of the King, that overtakes
Your faults, has met with this, and ſtrook it out, he has forgiven
You freely, your own will is your Law, be where you pleaſe.
Ara. I thank him. *Gob.* You will be ready to wait upon his
Majeſty to morrow. *Arane.* I will. *Exit Arane.*
Bac. Madam be wiſe hereafter: I am glad I have loſt this office.
Gob. Good Captain *Beſſus*, tell us the diſcourſe betwixt *Ti-*
granes and our King, and how we got the victory. *Pan.* I prethee
Doe, and if my brother were in any danger, let not thy tale make
Him abide there long, before thou bring him off, for all that
While my heart will beat. *Beſ.* Madam, let what will beat, I
Muſt tell the truth, and thus it was; they fought ſingle in liſts, but
One to one; as for my owne part, I was dangerouſly hurt but
three dayes before, elſe, perhaps, we had been two to two, I can
not tell, ſome thought we had, and the occaſion of my hurt was
This, the enemy had made Trenches. *Gob.* Captain, without
The manner of your hurt be much materiall to this buſineſſe,
We'll heare't ſome other time. *Pan.* I prithe leave it, and go on
With my brother. *Beſ.* I will, but 'twould be worth your
hearing: To the Liſts they came, and ſingle ſword and gantlet
was their fight. *Pan.* Alaſſ. *Beſ.* Without the liſts there ſtood
ſome done Captain of either ſide mingled, all which were
ſworne, and one of thoſe was I. and 'twas my chance to ſtand
next a Captaine oth' enemies ſide, called *Tiribaſus*; Valiant they
ſaid he was, whilſt theſe two Kings were ſtreaching themſelves,
This *Tiribaſus* caſt ſomething a ſcornfull looke on me, and ask't

Me

Me whom I thought would overcome, I ſmil'd and told him if he would fight with me, he ſhould perceive by the event of that whoſe King would win: ſomething he anſwered, & a ſcuffle was like to grow, when one, *Zipetus* offered to help him, I— *Pan.* All this is of thy ſelfe, I pray thee *Beſſus* tell ſomething of my brother, did he nothing? *Beſ.* Why yes, ile tell your grace, they were not to fight till the word was given, which for my own part, by my troth I confeſs I was not to give. *Pan.* See for his own part.

Bac. I fear yet this fellow's abuſ'd with a good report. *Beſ.* But I: *Pan.* Still of himſelfe. *Beſ.* Cri'd give the word, when as ſome of them ſay, *Tigranes* was ſtooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Coſroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us Martialiſts, as I will fight with you: I ſaid not a word, nor made ſigne during the combate, but that once done. *Pan.* He ſlips ore all the fight. *Beſ.* I cal'd him to me, *Coſroes* ſaid *I*: *Pan.* I vvill hear no more. *Beſ.* No, no, I ſie. *Bac.* I dare be ſworn thou doeſt. *Beſ.* Captain, ſaid I, So 'twas. *Pan.* I tell thee, I vvill hear no further. *Beſ.* No? Your grace vvill vviſh you had. *Pan.* I vvill not vviſh it, vvhat is this the Lady my brother vvrites to me to take? *Beſ.* And pleaſe your grace this is ſhe: Charge vvill you come near the Princeſſe? *Pan.* You'r vvelcome from your Countrey, and this Land ſhall ſhevv unto you all the kindneſs that I can make it; what's your name? *Spa. Thalectris.* *Pan.* Y'are very vvelcome, you have got a letter to put you to me, that has power enough to Place mine enemy here; then much more you that are ſo far From being ſo to me that you neer ſaw me. *Beſ.* Madam, *I* dare Paſs my word for her truth. *Spa.* My truth? *Pan* Why Captain, doe you think *I* am afraid ſheele ſteal? *Beſ.* *I* cannot tell, ſervants are ſlippery, but *I* dare give my word for her, and for Honeſty ſhe came along with me, and many favours ſhe did me by the way, but by this light none but what ſhe might doe with modeſty, to a man of my rank. *Pan.* Why Captain, here's no body thinkes otherwiſe. *Beſ.* Nay, if you ſhould, your grace may think your pleaſure; but *I* am ſure *I* brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if ever *I* touch'd any bare of her above her knee. *I* pray God *I* may ſink vvhere *I* ſtand. *Spa.* Above my knee?

Beſ. No, you knovv *I* did not; and if any man vvill ſay *I* did,

This ſword ſhall anſwer; Nay, ile defend the reputation of my Charge whileſt I live, your Grace ſhall underſtand *I* am ſecret in Theſe buſineſſes, and know to defend a Ladies Honour.

Spa. I hope your Grace knows him ſo well alreadie, I ſhall not Need to tell you hee's vain and fooliſh. *Beſ. I*, you may call me What you pleaſe, but ile defend your good name againſt the World, and ſo I take my leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewiſe glad to ſee your Lordſhip well. *Bac.* O Captain *Beſſus*, *I* thank you, *I* would ſpeak with you anon. *Exit.*

Beſ. When you pleaſe, I vvill attend your Lordſhip. *Beſ. Bac.* Madam, ile take my leave too. *Pan.* Good *Bacurius*. *Gob.* Madam, vvhat vvrites his Majeſtie to you? *Pan.* O my Lord, The kindeſt Words, ile keep 'em vvhileſt *I* live, here in my boſom, ther's no Art in them; They lie diſordered in this paper, juſt as heartie nature Speeks them. *Gob.* And to me he writes what tears of joy he ſhed To hear how you were grown in everie vertues way, and yields All thanks to me, for that dear care which *I* was bound to have In training you, there is no Princeſſe living that enjoyes a Brother Of that worth. *Pan.* My Lord, no Maid longs more for any Thing, and feel's more heat and cold within her breſt, then I doe Novv, in hope to ſee him. *Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he Writes, he brings along with him, a Husband for you, that ſame Captive Prince, and if he loves you as he makes a ſhew, He will Allow you freedome in your choice. *Pan.* And ſo he will my Lord, *I* vvarrant you, he vvill but offer and give me the power to Take or leave. *Gob.* Truſt me, vvere *I* a Ladie, *I* could not like That man where bargain'd with before *I* chooſe him. *Pan.* But *I* am not built on ſuch wild humours if *I* find him vvorthie, he is Not leſſe Becauſe hee's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not, vvould he vvould ſeem leſſe.

Gob. *I* think ther's no Ladie can affect
Another Prince, your brother ſtanding by;
He doth eclipſe mens vertues ſo vvith his.

Spa. *I* knovv a Ladie may, and more *I* fear
Another Ladie vvill. *Pan.* Would *I* might ſee him.

Gob. Why ſo you ſhall, my buſineſſes are great;
I vvill attend you vvhen it is his pleaſure to ſee you.

Pan. *I* thank you good my Lord. *Gob.* You vvill be readie Madam.

Madam. *Exit. Gob.* *Pan.* Yes. *Spa:* I doe beſeech you Madam ſend away your other women, and receive from me A few ſad words, which ſet againſt your joyes may make'em ſhine the more. *Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. *Exeunt Women.*

Spa. I kneele a ſtranger here to beg a thing Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant, 'tis ſuch another ſtrange ill-laid-requeſt, As if a begger ſhould intreat a King to leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him and take his rags to wander o're the world Hungrie and cold. *Pan.* That were a ſtrange requeſt : *Spa.* As ill is mine. *Pan.* Then doe not utter it. *Spa.* Alaſs 'tis of that nature, that it muſt Be utter'd, I, and granted, or *I* die : *I* am aſham'd to ſpeak it, but where life lies at a ſtake, *I* cannot think her woman that will not take ſomething unreſonablie to hazzard ſaving of it : *I* ſhall ſeem a ſtrange petitioner, that wiſh all ill to them *I* beg of, ere they gave me ought yet ſo *I* muſt : I would you were not fair, nor wiſe, for in your ill conſiſt my good : if you were Fooliſh, you would hear my praier, if foole you had not power to hinder me, he would not love you. *Pan.* Whats the meaning of it. *Spa.* Nay, my requeſt is more without the bounds of reaſon Yet for 'tis not in the power of you to doe, what I would have you grant. *Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee ſpeak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a Prince into this land, of ſuch a noble ſharp ſo ſweet a grace, ſo full of worth withall, that every maid that lookes upon him, gives away her ſelfe to him for ever; and for you to have he brings him : and ſo mad is my demand that *I* deſire you not to have this man, this excellent man, for whom you needs muſt die, if you ſhould miſſe him, I doe now expect you ſhould laugh at me. *Pan* Truſt me I could weepe rather, for I have found in all thy words a ſtrange disjoynted ſorrow. *Spa.* 'Tis by me his one deſire ſo, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own deſire, why credit me *Thlaſtris*
I am no common woer : If he ſhall woe me, his worth may be ſuch, that I dare not ſwear *I* will not love him ; but if he will ſtay to have me woe him, I will promiſe thee, he may keep all his graces to himſelfe, and feare no raviſhing from me. *Spa.* 'Tis yet His own deſire, but when he ſees your face, I fear it will not be ; therefore I charge you as you have pittie, ſtop theſe tender eares From his enchanting voice, cloſe up thoſe eyes, that you may neither catch a dart from him.

nor he from you; I charge you as you hope to live in quiet, for when I am dead for certain: I will walk to visit him if he break promise with me: for as fast as oath's without a formall ceremony can make me, I am to him. *Pan.* Then be feareless, for if he were a thing, 'twixt God and man, I could gaze on him; if I knew it sin to love him without passion: Drie your eyes, I swear you shall enjoy him still for me, I will not hinder you; but I perceive you are not what you seem, Rise, rise *Thalestris*, If your right name be so. *Spa.* Indeed it is not, *Spaconia* is my name; but I desire not to be known to other. *Pan.* Why by me you shall not, I will never doe you wrong, What good I can, I will, think not my birth or education such, That I should injure a stranger Virgin; you are welcome hither, In company you wish to be commanded, but when we are alone, I shall be ready to be your servant. *Exeunt.*

Enter three men and a woman.

1 Come, come, run, run, run. 2 We shall out-goe her. 3 One were better be hang'd, then carry out women fidling to these shewes. *Wom.* Is the King hard by? 1 You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late: What abundance of people here is? *Wom.* But what had he in those bottles? 3 I know not. 2 Why Ink goodman foole. 3 Ink, what to doe? 1 Why the King lookes you will many times call for these bottles, and break his mind to his friends: *Wom.* Let's, take our places, we shall have no roome else. 2 The man told us he would walk a foote throw the people. 3 I marry did he.

1 Our shops are well look't too now. 2 S'life, yonder's my master, I think. 1 No 'tis not he.

Enter a man with two Citizens wives.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweet living 'tis in the Countrey? 2 *Cit.* I poore soules, God help'em; they live as contentedly as one of us. *Cit.* My husbands cousin would have had me gone into the Countrey last year, wert thou ever there? 3 *Cit.* I poore soules, I was amongst 'em once. 1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God? 2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help'em. 1 *Cit.* Wilt thou goe down with me this summer when I am brought to bed? 2 *Cit.* Alass, it is no place for us, 1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee? 2 *Cit.* Why you can have nothing there, there's no body cries broomes: 1 *Cit.* No? 2 *Cit.*

No

No truly, nor milk. 1 *Cit.* Nor milk, how doe they? 2 *Cit.* They are faine to milk themſelves i'the countrey. 1 *Cit.* Good Lord: but the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us. 2 *Cit.* I God knowes will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands. 1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alaſs? I'good faith I cannot blame them; for we doe not greatly care for them our ſelves. *Phillip*, I pray chuſe us a place. *Phil.* There's the beſt forſooth. 1 *Cit.* By your leave good people a little. 3 What's the matter? *Phil.* I pray you my friend, doe not truſt my Miſtriſs ſo, ſhee's with Child: 2 Let her look to her ſelf then, has ſhe not had ſhowing enough yet, if ſhe ſtay ſhouldring here, ſhe may haps goe home with a cake in her belly. 3 How now, goodman ſquitter-brech, why doe you lean on me? *Phi.* Becauſe I will. 3 Will you ſir ſawce-box. 1 *Cit.* Look if one ha' not ſtrook *Phillip*, come hither *Phillip*, why did he ſtrike thee? *Phil.* For leaning on him. 1 *Cit.* Why didſt thou lean on him? *Phil.* I did not think he would have ſtroke me. 1 *Cit.* As God ſave me la thou'rt as wild as a Buck, ther's no quarel but thou'rt at one end or other on't. 3 It's at the firſt end then, for hee'l nere ſtay the laſt. 1 *Cit.* Well ſlipſtring, I ſhall meet with you. 3 When you will. 1 *Cit.* Ile give a crown to meet with you. At a bawdi-houſe. 1 *Cit.* I you're full of your rogery, but if I doe meet you it ſhall caſt me a fall.

Flouriſh. *Enter owne running.*

4 The King, the King, the King. Now, now, now, now. *Flouriſh Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, the two Kings and Mardonius*

All. God preſerve your Majeſty. *Arb.* I think you all, now are my joyes at full, when I behold you ſafe, my loving ſubjects: By you I grow, 'tis your united love that lifts me to this height; All the account that I can render you for all the love you have beſtowed on me, all your expences to maintaine my war, is but a little word, you will imagin 'Tis ſlender payment, yet 'tis ſuch a word, As is not to be bought, but with your bloods, 'Tis Peace

All. God preſerve your Majeſty. *Arb.* now you may live ſecurely i'your townes, your Children round about you; may ſit Under your Vines, and make the miſeries of other Kingdoms, a diſcourſe, for you, and lend them ſorrows; For your ſelves, you may ſafely forget there are ſuch things as tears, and you may fall whoſe goods thoughts I have gain'd, hold me unworthy, where I

thinke my life a ſacrifice too great to keepe you thus in ſuch a calme eſtate. *All.* God bleſſe your Majeſty. *Arb.* See all good people, I have brought the man whoſe very name you fear'd, a captive home; Beheld him, 'tis *Tigranes*; In your heart ſing ſongs of gladneſſe, and deliverance. 1. *Cit.* out upon him. 2. *Cit.* How he lookes. 3. *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

Mard. Theſe are ſweet people. *Tigr.* Sir, you doe me wrong, To render me a ſcorned ſpectacle to common people. *Arb.* It was ſo farre from me, to meane it ſo: if I have ought deſerv'd my loving Subjects, let me beg of you, nor to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells all worth of which the name of a man is capable, valour beyond compare, the terrour of his name has ſtretcht it ſelfe where ever there is ſun; and yet for you I fought with him ſingle, and won him too; I made his valour ſtoope, and brought that name ſoard to ſo unbelievd a height, to fall beneath mine: This inſpired with all your loves, I did performe, and will for your content, be ever ready for a greater word. *All.* The Lord bleſs your Majeſty. *Tig.* So he has made me amends now with a ſpeech in commendation of himſelfe: I would not be ſo vain-glorious. *Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may doe good to any creature, here ſpeak out; for I muſt leave you: and it troubles me, that my occaſions for the good of you, are ſuch as call me from you: elſe, my joy would be to ſpend my daies among you all, you ſhew your loves in theſe large multitudes that come to meet me, I will pray for you, heaven proſper you, that you may know old yeares, and live to ſee your childrens children ſit at your boards with plentie: when there is a want of any thing, let it be known to me, and I will be a father to you: God keep you all.

Flouriſh. Exeunt Kings and their train.

All. God bleſs your Majeſtie, God bleſs your Majeſtie. 1. Come, ſhall we goe? all's done. *Wom.* I for God ſake, I have not made a fire yet. 2 Away, away, all's done. 3 Content farewell *Philip*. 1 *Cit.* Away you holte-ſack you. 2 *Philip*, will not fight, hee's afraid on's face. *Philip.* I marry am I afraid of my face. 3 Thou wouldſt be *Philip*, if thou ſawſt it in a glaſs; it lookes ſo like a viſour. *Exeunt 2.3. and woman.*

1 *Cit.* You'l be hang'd ſirra: Come *Philip* walk afore us home-

homevvards; did not his Majeſtie ſay he had brought us home Peaſe for all our monie. 2 *Cit.* Yes marrie did he? 1 *Cit.* Th'are the firſt I heard on this year by my troth, I longed for ſome of them: Did he not ſay we ſhould have ſome? 2 *Cit.* Yes, and ſo vve ſhall anon I vvarrant you have everie one a peck brought home to our houſes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.

Arb. MY Siſter takes it ill? *Gob.* Not very ill,
Something unkindlie ſhe doth take it Sir, to have
Her Husband choſen to her hands. *Arb.* Why *Gobrias* let her,
Muſt have her know my vvill, and not her ovvn muſt govern her:
What vvill ſhe marry vvith ſome ſlave at home? *Gob.* O ſhe is far
From any ſtubbornes, you much miſtake her, and no doubt vvill
Like where yon would have her, but when you behold her, you
Will be loath to part with ſuch a Jewel. *Arb.* To part with her,
Why *Gobrias*, art thou mad? ſhe is my ſiſter. *Gob.* Sir, *I* know
She is: But it were pittie to make poor our *Land* with ſuch a
Beautie to enrich another. *Arb.* Piſh, will ſhe have him?

Gob. I doe hope ſhe will not, I think ſhe will ſir. *Arb.* Were ſhe my Father, and my Mother too, and all the names for which we think folks Friends, ſhe ſhould be forc't to have him when I know 'tis fit: I will not hear her ſay ſhe's loath. *Gob.* Heaven bring my purpoſe luckillie to paſſe, You know 'tis juſt, ſhe will not need conſtraint ſhe loves you ſo. *Arb.* How does ſhe love me, ſpeak? *Gob.* She loves you more then people love their health, that live by labour more then *I* could love a man that dièd for me, if he could live again. *Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.

Gob. O no, when you were in *Armenia*, I durſt not let her know when you were hurt: for at the firſt on every little ſcratch ſhe kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well, and many times the news
Was ſo long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her death, as your health.

Arb. Alas poor ſoul, but yet ſhe muſt be rul'd;

I knovv not hovv I ſhall requite her vvell.
I long to ſee her, have you ſent for her,
To tell her I am ready? *Gob.* Sir I have.

Enter 1 Gent. and Tigranes.

1. *Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.
Arb. He's vvelcome.
1 *Gent.* And the Queen-Mother, and the Princeſſe vvait
Without. *Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.
Tigranes, You will think you are ariv'd
In a ſtrange Land, where Mothers caſt to poyſon
Their onely ſons; think you, you ſhall be ſafe?
Tigr. Too ſafe, I am ſir.

Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius and Beſſus, and two Gentlemen.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you, and would
As low as is my grave, to ſhew a mind
Thankfull for all your mercies. *Arb.* O ſtand up,
And let me kneel, the light will be aſham'd
To ſee obſervance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my King. *Arb.* You are my mother, riſe;
As far be all your faults from your own ſoul,
As from my memorie; then you ſhall be
As white as innocence her ſelf. *Arb.* I came
Onely to ſhew my dutie, and acknowledge
My ſorrowes for my ſins; longer to ſtay
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my ſhame: That power that kept you ſafe
From me, preſerve you ſtill.
Ara. Your own deſires ſhall be your guide. *Exit Arane.*
Pan. Now let me die, ſince I have ſeen my Lord the King
Return in ſafetie, I have ſeen all good that life
Can ſhew me; I have nere another wiſh
For Heaven to grant, nor were it fit I ſhould;
For I am bound to ſpend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your Majeſtie ſpeak?
Arb. To vvhom? *Gob.* To the Princeſſe.
Pan. Alas Sir, I am fearful, you do look

On

On me, as if I were ſome loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to ſhun.

Gob. Sir, you ſhould ſpeak to her. *Arb.* Ha?

Pan. I know I am unworthie, yet not ill arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneel, till I am one with earth, but I will gain ſome words and kindneſs from you.

Tigr. Will you ſpeak Sir?

Arb. Speak, am I what I was?
What art thou that doſt creep into my breaſt,
And dar'ſt not ſee my face? ſhew forth thy ſelf:
I feel a pair of fierie wings diſplai'd
Hither, from hence; you ſhall not tarrie there,
Up, and be gone, if thou beeſt Love be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breaſt,
Pull thy lov'd Down away, and with thy Quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wonted wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy blood,
That you are Powers beli'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men reſolv'd,
Like duſt; I know thou fear'ſt my words, away.

Tigr. O miſerie! why ſhould he be ſo ſlow?
There can no falſhood come of loving her;
Though I have given my faith; ſhe is a thing
Both to be lov'd and ſerv'd beyond my faith:
I would he would preſent me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not ſpeak at all? are you ſo far
From kind words? yet to ſave my modeſtie,
That muſt talk till you anſwer, do not ſtand
As you were dumb, ſay ſomething, though it be
Poyſon'd with anger, that it may ſtrike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood ſake
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;
A tree would find a tongue to anſwer her,
Did ſhe but give it ſuch a lov'd reſpect.

Arb. You mean this Ladie: lift her from the earth; why do you let her kneel ſo long? alas, Madam, your beautie uſes to command, and not to beg What is your ſuite to me? it ſhall be granted, yet the time is ſhort, and my affairs are great: but where's my Siſter? I bade ſhe ſhould be brought.

Mar. What is he mad? *Arb. Gobrias*, where is ſhe?
Gob. Sir. *Arb.* where is ſhe man?
Gob. Who Sir? *Arb.* Who, haſt thou forgot my Siſter?
Gob. Your Siſter, Sir?
Arb. Your Siſter, Sir? ſome one that hath a wit, anſwer, where is ſhe? *Gob.* Do you not ſee her there?
Arb. Where? *Gob.* There.
Arb. There, where? *Mar.* S'light, there, are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean, that little one? *Gob.* No Sir.
Arb. No Sir, why do you mock me? I can ſee
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.
Gob. That's ſhe. *Arb.* Away.
Gob. Sir, it is ſhe. *Arb.* 'Tis falſe. *Gob.* Is it.
Arb. As hell by heaven, as falſe as hell,
My ſiſter: Is ſhe dead? if it be ſo,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinitie;
And do not think to cozen me with this:
I ſee you all are mute, and ſtand amaz'd,
Fearfull to anſwer me; it is too true,
A decreed inſtant cut's off ev'ry life,
For which to mourn, is to repine; ſhe dy'd
A Virgin, though more innocent then ſheep,
As clear as her own eyes, and bleſſedneſs
Eternal waits upon her where ſhe is:
I know ſhe could not make a wiſh to change
Her ſtate for new, and you ſhall ſee me bear
My croſſes like a man; we all muſt die.
And ſhe hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not miſtake,
And vex your ſelf for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis ſhe,
And if my ſpeech deſerve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my lateſt words ſhall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good *Gobrias*? that Lady doſt thou mean?
Gob. That Lady Sir;
She is your ſiſter, and ſhe is your ſiſter.

That

That loves you ſo, 'tis ſhe for whom I weep,
To ſee you uſe her thus. *Arb.* It cannot be.
Tig. Piſh, this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I muſt preſent my ſelf,
And yet the ſight of my *Spaconia*
Touches me, as a ſudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to ſin. *Arb.* Away.
No more of this; here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct Plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my ſiſter, 'tis a lie,
The moſt malicious of the world, invented
To mad your King; he that will ſay ſo next,
Let him draw out his ſword, and ſheath it here.
It is a ſin fully as pardonable:
She is no kin to me, nor ſhall ſhe be;
If ſhe were ever, I create her none:
And which of you can queſtion this? My power
Is like the Sea, that is to be obeyed,
And not diſputed with: I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked *Indians*; come and anſwer me,
He that is boldeſt now; is that my ſiſter? *Mar.* O this is fine.
Beſ. No marrie, ſhe is not, and't pleaſe your Majeſtie,
I never thought ſhe was, ſhe's nothing like you.
Arb. No, 'tis true, ſhe is not. *Mar.* Thou ſhouldſt be hang'd.
Pan. Sir, I will ſpeak but once; by the ſame power
You make my blood a ſtranger unto yours;
You may command me dead, and ſo much love
A ſtranger may importune, pray you do;
If this requeſt appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of ſome other Family,
By your unqueſtioned word; elſe I ſhall live
Like ſinful iſſues that are left in ſtreets
By their regardleſſe Mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more,
Why ſhould there be ſuch muſick in a voice,
And ſin for me to hear it? All the world

May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation
For me to do ſo: You are faire and wiſe,
And vertuous I think, and he is bleſt
That is ſo neer you as my brother is;
But you are nought to me but a diſeaſe:
Continual torment without hope of eaſe;
Such an ungodly ſickneſs I have got.
That he that undertakes my cure, muſt firſt
'Orethrow Divinitie, all moral Laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beaſts,
Allowing'm to do all actions
As freely as they drink when they deſire.
Let me not heare you ſpeake againe? yet ſee
I ſhall but languiſh for the want of that,
The having which, would, kill me; No man here
Offer to ſpeake for her; for I conſider
As much as you can ſay; I will not toile
My body and my mind too, reſt thou there,
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were paſt ſpeaking.

Gab. Fear not Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis ſome ſudden rage,
And you ſhall ſee it end ſome other way. *Pan.* Pray heaven it do.

Tig. Though ſhe to whom I ſwore, be here, I cannot
Stifle my paſſion longer; if my father
Should riſe again diſquieted with this,
And charge me to forbeare, yet it would out.
Madam, a ſtranger, and a priſoner begs
To be bid welcome.

Pan. You are welcome, Sir,
I think, but if you be not, 'tis paſt me
To make you ſo: for I am here a ſtranger,
Greater then you; we know from whence you come,
But I appeare a loſt thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain, found here i'th Court,
And onely ſuffer'd to walk up and down,
As owne not worth the owning. *Spa.* O, I fear
Tigranes will be caught, he looks, me thinks,

As he would change his eyes with her; ſome help
There is above for me, I hope.
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep ſo faſt,
And utter things that miſ-become your lookes,
Can you want owning? *Spa.* O'tis certain ſo.
Tigr. Acknowledge your ſelfe mine. *Arb.* How now?
Tigr. And then ſee if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking. *Tigr.* Nations ſhall owne you for
their Queen. *Arb.* *Tigranes*, art not thou my priſoner?
Tigr. I am. *Arb.* And who is this?
Tigr. She is your ſiſter. *Arb.* She is ſo.
Mar. Is ſhe ſo again? that's well.
Arb. And then how dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare doe it, Why? you brought me hither Sir,
To that intent. *Arb.* Perhaps I told you ſo,
If I had ſworn it, had you ſo much folly
To credit it. The leaſt word that ſhe ſpeakes
Is worth a life; rule your diſordered tongue,
Or I will temper it. *Spa.* Bleſt be the breath.
Tigr. Temper my tongue; ſuch incivilities
As theſe, no barbarous people ere knew:
You break the laws of Nature, and of Nations,
You talke to me as if I were a priſoner
For theft; my tongue be temper'd? I muſt ſpeak
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will. *Spa.* Alas my fortune.
Tigr. Doe not feare his frown, dear Madam, heare m
Arb. Feare not my frown? but that 'twere baſe in m
To fight with one I know I can o'recome,
Again thou ſhouldſt be conquer'd by me.
Mar. He has one ranſome with him already; me thinkes
Twere good to fight double, or quit.
Arb. Away with him to priſon: Now Sir, ſee
If my frown be regardleſs; Why delay you?
Seize him *Bacurius*, you ſhall know my word
Sweepes like a wind, and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaffe before it. *Tigr.* Touch me not
Arb. Help there, *Tigr.* Away.

1 *Gent.* It is in vaine to ſtruggle.
2 *Gent.* You muſt be forc'd.
Bac. Sir, you muſt pardon us, we muſt obey.
Arb. Why doe you dally there? drag him away
By any thing. *Bac.* Come Sir.
Tigr. Juſtice thou ought'ſt to give me ſtrength enough
To ſhake all theſe off; This is tyrannie,
Arbaces ſutler then the burning Bulles,
Or that fram'd *Titans* bed. Thou mighteſt as well
Search i'th deepe of Winter through the ſnow
For half ſtarv'd people, to bring home with thee,
To ſhew'm fire, and ſend'm back againe,
As uſe me thus.
Arb. Let him be cloſe, *Bacurius.* *Exit Tigr. And Bac.*
Spa. I ne're rejoyc'd at any ill to him,
But this impriſonment: what ſhall become
Of me forſaken? *Gob:* You will not let your ſiſter
Depart thus diſcontented from you, Sir.
Arb. By no meanes *Gobrias*, I have done her wrong,
And made my ſelfe believe much of my ſelfe,
That is not in me: You did kneele to me
Whileſt I ſtood ſtubborne and regardleſs by,
And like a god incenſed, gave no eare
To all your prayers: behold, I kneele to you,
Shew a contempt as large as was my Owne,
And I will ſuffer it, yet at the laſt forgive me.
Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
Then in your rage you did: you mock me now.
Arb. Never forgive me then, which is the worſt
can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earneſt,
Stand up and give me but a gentle looke,
And two kind words, and I ſhall be in heaven.
Arb. Riſe you then to heare; I acknowledge thee
My hope, the onely jewell of my life,
The beſt of ſiſters, dearer then my breath,
A happineſs as high as I could thinke?
And when my actions call thee otherwiſe,

Perdition

Perdition light upon me. *Pan.* This is better
Then if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,
Like mercie at the blocke, and when I leave
To ſerve you with my life, your curſe be with me.
Arb. Then thus I do ſalute thee, and againe,
To make this knot the ſtronger, Paradiſe
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,
This third kiſſe blots it out, I wade in ſin,
And fooliſhly intice my ſelfe along;
Take her away, ſee her a priſoner
In her owne chamber cloſely *Gobrias.* *Pan.* Alas Sir why?
Arb. I muſt not ſtay the anſwer, doe it.
Gob. Good Sir. *Arb.* No more, doe it I ſay.
Mard. This is better and better.
Pan. Yet heare me ſpeake.
Arb. I will not heare you ſpeake,
Away with her, let no man thinke to ſpeake
For ſuch a creature; for ſhe is a witch,
A priſoner, and a Traitor.
Gob. Madam, this Office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well the King is pleaſed with it.
Arb. *Beſſus*, goe you along too with her; I will prove
All this that I have ſaid, if I may live
So long; but I am deſperately ſick,
For ſhe has given me poiſon in a kiſs;
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes
She witches people: goe without a word.
Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bef. and Spaconia.
Why ſhould you that have made me ſtand in war
Like fate it ſelfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree ſuch an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppoſe me? if my ſecret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd ſwellings againſt you,
They could not hurt you, and it is in you
To give me ſorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercie; rather ſo,
Let it be rather ſo, then puniſh me

With such unmanly sins: Incest is in me
Dwelling alreadie, and it must be holy
That pulls it thence, where art *Mardonius?*
Mar. Here Sir: *Arb.* I pray thee bear me if thou canst,
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were. *Arb.* No heavier;
Mar. No sir. *Arb.* Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my bodie; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou knowst
I could have gone, though I could never run.
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. O do, 'tis past. *Mar.* Pray you go rest your self.
Arb. Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamie,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes I will.
Arb. I pray thee do: for thou shalt never see me so again.
Exeunt.

Enter Bessus alone.

Bes. They talk of Fame, I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennie-worth: some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon-proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it: my reputation came principally by thinking to runne away, which no bodie knowes but *Mardonius*, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the warres, I came to the town a young Fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my emptie guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me; then would I fast two daies, till my hunger cri'd out on me, rail still, then me thought I had a monstrous stomack to abuse 'em again, and did it, I, this state I continued till they hung me up b'the heels, and beat me with hasle sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have couzen'd some bodie with me for Venison: After this I rail'd and eat quietly: for the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a baffel'd whipt fellow, and what I said was remembred in mirth but never in anger, of which I was glad; I would it were at

that

that paſſe again. After this, heaven calls an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a Couſins hand for me, who taking me to bea gallant young ſpirit, raiſed a companie for me with the money, and ſent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could no get companie, & alone I durſt not run. I was never at battell but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got looſe at laſt, but was ſo fraid, that I ſaw no more then my ſhoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongſt my enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they ſay I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd a plague of their eloquence, 'twill coſt me many a beating; And *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd cal me freſhly worthily, as they call it by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gent.

3 *Gent.* Good morrow Captain *Beſſus.*

Beſ. Good morrow Sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to ſpeak with you,

Beſ. You'r verie welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himſelf wrong'd by you ſome three years ſince: your worth he ſaies is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beſeems a Souldier.

Beſ. A pox on 'em, ſo they crie all.

3 *Gent.* And a ſlight note I have about me for you, for the deliverie of which you muſt excuſe me: it is an office that friendſhip calls upon me to do, and no way offenſive to you; ſince I deſire but right on both ſides. *Beſ.* 'Tis a challenge ſir, is it not?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Beſ. An inviting? O crie you mercie, what a complement he delivers it with? he might as agreeable to my nature preſent me poiſon with ſuch a ſpeech um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my ſword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um, dear to me, um um um ſatisfaction: 'Tis verie well ſir, I do accept it, but he muſt await an anſwer this 13 weeks. 3 *Gent.* Why ſir, he would be glad to wipe off his ſtain, as ſoon as he could. *Beſ.* Sir, upon my credit I am alreadie ingag'd to two hundred.

and twelve, all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word before him. 3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent bodie, too much brais'd in battel, so that I cannot fight; I must be plain, above three combats a day: All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my rowle, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something, for I tell you, I think there will be no more after him then before him, I think so, pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3. *Gent.* I will sir, good morrow to you. *Exit.* 3. *Gent.*

Bes. Good morrow good sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon everie post; I have received above thirtie challenges within this two hours, marrie all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that's reserved, the place where it must be ended, is 4 daies journie off, and our arbitratours are these: He has chosen a Gentleman in travel, & I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this 5 years for mine, and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends health; If they would find me challenges thus thick, as long as *I* liv'd, I would have no other living; I can make seven shillings a day o'th paper to the Grocers; yet *I* learn nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. *I* do find evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of Challenges; for they are all of a cut, and six of them in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is dear to me, and *I* must require satisfaction: Who's there? more paper *I* hope; no, 'tis my Lord *Bacurius*; *I* fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now Captain *Bessus*, *I* come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: You know you were a Coward.

Bes. Verie right. *Bac.* And wronged me.

Bes. True my Lord. *Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlesse *I* think, yet for their satisfaction, *I* will have you fight with me.

Bes. O my good Lord, my deep engagements.

Bac.

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain *Beſſus*, it is not to be put off with an excuſe: for my one part, I am none of the multitude that beleeve your converſion from coward.

Beſ. My Lord, I ſeek not quarils, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it. *Bac.* Who then pray?

Beſ. *Beſſus* the coward wrong'd you. *Bac.* Right.

Beſ. And ſhall *Beſſus* the valiant, maintain what *Beſſus* the coward did.

Bac. I pray thee leave theſe cheating tricks, I ſwear thou ſhalt fight with me, or thou ſhalt be beaten extreamly, and kick'd.

Beſ. Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord I will fight with you, and by my ſword it ſhall coſt me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well and walk ſooner purpoſely.

Bac. Your leg? Why, what ailes your leg? ile do a cure on you, ſtand up. *Beſ.* My Lord, this is not *Noble* in you.

Bac. What doſt thou with ſuch a phraſe in thy mouth, I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Beſ. My Lord, I take this as a puniſhment for the offence I did when I was coward.

Bac. when thou wert? confeſs thy ſelfe a coward ſtill, or by this light, ile beat thee into ſpunge. *Beſ.* Why *I* am one.

Bac. Are you ſo ſir, and why do you wear a ſword then? come unbuckle quick. *Beſ.* My Lord.

Bac. Unbuckle ſay, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ake extreamely.

Beſ. *It* is a prety hilt, and if your Lordſhip take an effection to it, with all my heart *I* preſent it to you for a new yeares gift.

Bac. *I* thank you very heartily, ſweet Captain, farewel.

Beſ. One word more, *I* beſeech your Lordſhip to render me my knife again.

Bac, Mary by all meanes Captaine; cheriſh your ſelfe with it, and eate hard good Captaine; we cannot tell whether we ſhall have any more ſuch: Adue deere Captain: *Exit Bacurius.*

Beſ. *I* will make better uſe of this, then of my ſword: A baſe ſpirit has this vantage of a brave one, it keeps alwayes at a ſtay, nothing brings it down, not beting; *I* remember *I* promiſed the King in a great audience, that *I* would make my backbiters eate my ſword to a knife, how to get another ſword *I* know not nor

know any meanes left for me to maintaine my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will out-ſwear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my ſword. *Exit Beſſus*

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. Ile move the King, he is moſt ſtrangely alter'd; I gueſs the cauſe I feare too right, heaven has ſome ſecret end in't, and 'tis a ſcourge no queſtion juſtly laid upon him: He has followed me through twenty roomes; and ever when I ſtay to wait his command, he bluſhes like a Girle, and lookes upon me, as if modeſty kept in his buſineſs: ſo turnes away from me, but if I goe on, he followes me again. *Enter Arb.* See here he is. I doe not uſe this, yet I know, not how, I cannot chuſe but weep to ſee him: his very enemies I think, whoſe wounds have bread his fame, if they ſhould ſee him now, would find teares i'their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it, why ſhould I keep a breaſt to harbour thoughts, I dare not ſpeak? darkneſs is in my boſom, and there lies a thouſand thoughts that cannot brook the light: how wilt thou vexeme when this deed is done? conſcience, that are afraid to let me name it. *Mar.* How doe you ſir?

Arb. Why very well *Mardonius*, how doſt thou doe?

Mar. Better then you I feare.

Arb. I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee,
Thou art in hell elſe, ſecret, ſcorching flames
That far tranſcend earthly material fire
Are crept into me, and there is no cure,
Is it not ſtrange *Mardonius*, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I miſtake, or there is ſomething hid
That you would utter to me

Arb. So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

Mar. Out with it ſir, if it be dangerous: I will not ſhrink to doe your ſervice, I ſhall not eſteeme my life a waightier matter then indeed it is, I know 'tis ſubject to more chances then it has houres and I weare better looſe it in my Kings cauſe, then with an ague, or a fall, ſleeping, to a theife; as all theſe are probable enough: let me but know what I ſhall doe for you.

Arb. It will not out, were you with *Gobrias*.
And bad him give my ſiſter all content
The place affords, and give her leave to ſend and ſpeak; to whom
ſhe

ſhe pleaſe? Mar. Yes ſir, I was
Arb. And did you to Bacurius ſay as much
About Tygranes? Mar Yes.
Arb. That's all my buſineſs
Mar. O ſay not ſo,
You had an anſwer of this before;
Beſides I thinke this buſineſs might be utter'd More careleſſe.
Arb. Come, thou ſhalt have it out, I doe beſeech thee
By all the love thou haſt profeſt to me,
To ſee my ſiſter from me.
Mar. Well, and what? Arb. That's all.
Mar. That's ſtrang, I ſhall ſay nothing to her?
Mar. Not a word;
But if thou loveſt me find ſome ſubtill way
To make her underſtand by ſignes.
Mar. But what ſhall I make her underſtand?
Arb. O Mardonius, for that I muſt be pardon'd.
Mar. You may, but I can onely ſee her then.
Arb. 'Tis true; Bear her this Ring then, and
one more advice, thou ſhalt ſpeak to her: tell her I doe love
My kindred all; wilt thou,
Mar. Is there no more?
Arb. O yes and her the beſt;
Better then any brother loves his ſiſter: That's all.
Mar. Me thinkes this
Need not have been delivered vvith ſuch a caution;
Ile doe it. Arb. There's more yet,
Wilt thou be faithful to me?
Mar. Sir if I take upon me to deliver it, after I heare it,
Ile paſſe through fire to doe't.
Arb. I love her better then a brother ought?
Doeſt thou conceive me? Mar. I hope you doe not ſir.
Arb. No, thou art dull, kneele dovvn before her
And neere riſe againe, till ſhe vvill love me.
Mar. Why, I think ſhe does.
Arb. But better then ſhe does another, vvay;
As vvives love husbands.
Mar. Why, I think there are fevv vvives that love their

Husbands better then she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit
This should be uttered plainely; take it then
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To doe a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too: doest thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes, ther's your Ring againe; what have I done
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst doe it?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it, but if all
My haires were lives, I would not be engag'd
In such a case to save my last life.

Arb. O guilt, ha, how poore and weake a thing art thou?
This man that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow upon the world might beat me here
Having this cause, whilst I prest down with sin
Could not resist him, heare *Mardonius*.
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so: you must understand nothing that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my Prince. But otherwise, I thinke I shall not love you more. For you are sinful, and if you doe this crime, you ought to have no laws. For after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offendor for any crime: For my selfe I find my heart too big: I feese? I have not patience to look on whilst you run these forbidden courses: Meanes I have none but your favour, and I am rather glad that I shall loose 'em both together, then keep 'em with such conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where though our garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour nor such vices in 'em: thee Gods preserve you and mend.

Arb. *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, for though
My present state requires nothing but knaves,
To be about me such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know

But

But that my loathed Fate may turn about,
And I have uſe for honeſt men again:
I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

Enter Beſſus.

Beſ. Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

Beſ. And pleaſe your Majeſtie, there's the knife,

Arb. What knife? *Beſ.* The ſword is eaten.

Mar. Away you fool, the King is ſerious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Beſ. Vanities, I'me no honeſt man, if my enemies have not brought it to this, what do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well *Beſſus*, 'tis very well, I am glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are Cutlers, come leave the King.

Beſ. Why may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes, but he has affairs, depart, or I ſhall be ſomething unmannerly with you.

Arb. No, let him ſtay *Mardonius*, let him ſtay,
I have occaſion with him verie weightie,
And I can ſpare you now. *Mar.* Sir.

Arb. Why I can ſpare you now.

Beſ. Mardonius, give way to theſe State affairs.

Mar. Indeed you are fitter for this preſent purpoſe. *Exit.*

Arb. *Beſſus*, I ſhould imploy thee, wilt thou do't? *Mar.*

Beſ. Do it for you, by this air I will doe any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not ſwear.

Beſ. By this light but I will, any thing whatſoever.

Arb. But I ſhall name the thing,
Thy Conſcience will not ſuffer thee to do.

Beſ. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my ſiſter for me,
Thou underſtandſt me, in a wicked manner.

Beſ. O you would have about with her?
Ile do't, ile do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou, do't thou make no more on't?

Beſ. More? no, why is there any thing elſe? if there be, it ſhall be done too.

Arb. Haſt thou no greater ſence of ſuch a ſinne?
Thou art too vvicked for my companie,
Though I have hell within me, thou mai'ſt yet
Corrupt me further; pray thee anſvver me,
Hovv do *I* ſhevv to thee after this motion?

Beſ. Why your Majeſtie looks as vvell in my opinion, as ever You did ſince you vvere born.

Arb. But thou appear'ſt to me after thy grant,
The ugleſt, lothed deteſtable thing
That *I* ever met with. Thou haſt eies
Like the flames of *Sulphur*, vvhich me thinks do dart
Infection on me, and thou haſt a mouth
Enough to take me in vvhere there do ſtand
Four rovves of iron teeth.

Beſ. *I* feel no ſuch thing, but 'tis no matter hovv *I* look, I'll do my Buſineſs as vvell as they that look better, and vvhen this is diſpatch'd, if you have a mind to your Mother, tell me, and you ſhall ſee I'll ſet it hard.

Arb. My Mother, Heaven forgive me to hear this,
I am inſpir'd vvith horrour; novv *I* hate thee
Worſe then my ſin, vvhich if I could come by
Should ſuffer death eternal here to riſe
In anie breaſt again. Knovv I vvill die
Languiſhing mad, as I reſolve, I ſhall,
Ere I will deal by ſuch an inſtrument.
Thou art too ſinful to imploy in this;
Out of the World, avvay.

Beſ. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round vvith curſes, take thy fearful flight
In to the Deſarts, vvhere 'mongſt all the monſters
If thou find'ſt one ſo beaſtlie as thy ſelf,
Thou ſhalt be held as innocent. *Beſ.* Good Sir.

Arb. If there vvere no ſuch inſtruments as thou,
We Kings could never act ſuch vvicked deeds:
Seek out a man that mocks Divinitie,
That breaks each precept both of Gods and mans,
And Natures too and does it vvithout luſt,
Meerlie becauſe it is a lavv, and good,

And

And live vvith him; for him thou canſt not ſpoil.
Avvay *I* ſay, *I* vvill not do this ſin. *Exit Beſſus.*
I'll preſs it here, till it do break my breaſt,
It heav's to get out, but thou art a ſin,
And ſpite of torture *I* vvill keep thee in.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, Spaconia.

Gob. HAve you written Maddam?
Pan. Yes good *Gobrias.*
Gob. And with a kindneſſe, and ſuch winning words
As may provoke him at one inſtant feel
His double fault your wrong, and his own raſhneſs?
Pan. I have ſent words enough, if words may win him
From his diſpleaſure; and ſuch words I hope,
As ſhall gain mu h upon his goodneſs *Gobrias*,
Yet fearing they are many, and a womans,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within them to ſpeak for me,
That if he be but gracious, and receive them.
Gob. Good Ladie be not fearful, though he ſhould not
Give you your preſent end in th s, believe it,
You ſhall feel, if your vertue can in duce you
To labour on't, this tempeſt which I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainſt your patience:
All thoſe Contents, your ſpirit will arrive at,
Newer and ſweeter to you; your Royal brother,
When he ſhall once collect himſelf, and ſee
How far he has been aſunder from himſelf;
What a mere ſtranger to his golden temper;
Muſt from thoſe roots of Vertue never dying,
Though ſomwhat ſtopt with humour ſhot again
Into a thouſand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, ſtraight as juſtice,
Loaden with ripe Contents; he loves you dearl y,
I know it, and I hope I need no farther

Win you to understand it. *Pan.* I believe it.
But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witnesse with me and my faith,
I had rather live intomb'd here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke then your grief,
I am sorrie 'tis so sharp, I kiss your hand;
And this night will deliver this true Storie,
With this hand to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you, you are a good man. *Exit. Gob.*
My *Spaconia*, Why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. O dear Ladie.
Pan. Prethee discover not a way to sadnesse,
Neerer then I have in me, our two sorrows
Work like two eager *Hawkes*, who shall get highest;
How shall I lessen thine? for mine I fear
Is easier known then cur'd.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give you happie ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches.
How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,
That are too much our Masters: good *Spaconia*
How shall I do you service? *Spa.* Noblest Ladie,
You make me more a slave still to your goodnes,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you,
For that is all the businesse of my life, now
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.
Pan. Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a vertue,
No ill demand has issue.
Spa. Then ever vertuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end *Spaconia*;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to denie your gentle visitation,

Though

Though you came onely with your owne command.
Spa. I know they will deny me gracious Madame,
Being a ſtranger, and ſo little fam'd
So utter empty of theſe excellencies,
That tame authority; but in you ſweet Lady,
All theſe are natural; beſides a power
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,
Whoſe leaſt word in you may command the kingdome.
Pan. More then my word *Spaconia*, you ſhall carry,
For feare it fail you. *Spa.* Dare you truſt a token?
Madame, I feare I am grown too bold a begger.
Pan. You are a pretty one, and truſt me Lady,
It joyes me, I ſhall doe a good to you,
Though to my ſelfe I never ſhall be happie.
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it; I think they will not ſtay you:
So all your owne deſires goe with you Ladie,
Spa. And ſweet peece to your grace.
Pan. Pray heaven I find it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes, in priſon.

Tigr. Foole that I am, I have undone my ſelfe,
And with mine owne hand turn'd my fortune round.
That was a faire one: I have childiſhly
Plaid with my hope ſo long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourne for't; *O Spaconia!*
Thou haſt found an even way to thy revenge now,
Why didſt thou follow me like a faint ſhadow,
To wither my deſires? but wretched foole,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,
To make me freeſe thus? Why did I prefer her
To the faire Princeſs? O thou foole, thou foole,
Thou family of fooles, live like a ſlave ſtill,
And in thee bear thine owne hell and thy torment,
Thou haſt deſerv'd: Couldeſt thou find no Ladie
But ſhe that has thy hopes to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuſe,
But ſhe that lov'd thee ever? poore *Spaconia*,
And ſo much lov'd thee, that in honeſty

And honour thou art bound to meet her vertues:
She that forgot the greatneſs of her griefe
And miſeries, that muſt follow ſuch mad paſſions,
Endleſs and wild as vvoman; She that for thee
And vvith thee left her libertie, her name,
And countrie, you have paid me equal, Heavens,
And ſent my ovvne rod to correct me vvith;
A vvoman: for inconſtancy I'le ſuffer,
Lay it on juſtice, till my ſoule melt in me
For my unmanly, beaſtly, ſudden doting
Upon a nevv face: after all my oaths
Many and ſtrange ones,
I feele my old fire flame again and burne
So ſtrong and violent, that ſhould I ſee her
Again, the griefe and that would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Lady, Your token I acknowledge, you may paſs;
There is the King.

Spa. I thank your Lordſhip for it. *Exit. Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, ſhe comes, ſhame hide me ever from her,
Would I were buried, or ſo far remov'd
Light might not find me out, I dare not ſee her.

Spa. Nay never hide your ſelfe; or were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, nere her ſenter;
My wronges without more day vvould light me to you:
I muſt ſpeak ere *I* die; vvere all your greatneſs
Doubled upon you, y'are a perjur'd man,
And onely mighty in your vvickedneſs
Of vvronging vvomen. Thou art falſe, falſe Prince;
I live to ſee it, poore *Spaconia* lives
To tell thee thou art falſe; and then no more;
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconſtant,
Then all ill vvomen ever vvere together,
Thy faith is firme as raging over-flovves,
That no bank can command; as laſting
As boyes gay bubbles, blovvne, i'th aire and broken:
The vvind is fixt to thee, and ſooner ſhall
The beaten marriner vvith his ſhrill vvhiſtle,

Calme

Calme the loud murmur of the troubled maine,
And ſtrike it ſmooth againe; then thy ſoule fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men muſt hate; and if thy ſtory
Shall tell ſucceeding ages what thou wert,
O let it ſpare me in it, leaſt true lovers
In pity of my wrong, burne thy black legend,
And with their curſes, ſhake thy ſleeping aſhes.

Tigr. Oh! ho!

Spa. The deſtinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends that thou maieſt die for love,
Though not for me; for this aſſure thy ſelfe,
The Princeſs hates thee deadly, and will ſooner
Be won to marry with a Bull and ſafer
Then ſuch a beaſt as thou art: *I* have ſtrooke,
I feare too deep; beſhrow me for't; Sir,
Theſe ſorrows works me like a cunning friendſhip
Into the ſame peece with it; 'tis aſham'd,
Alas, *I* have been too rugged: Deare my Lord,
I am ſorry *I* have ſpoken any thing,
Indeed *I* am, that may ad more reſtraint
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And doe as *I* will doe, forgive it Prince.
I doe, and can forgive the greateſt ſins
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

Tigr. O my *Spaconia!* O thou vertuous woman.

Spa. Nay, more, the King Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble priſoner.
That he want nothing fitting for his greatneſs?

Bac. *I* hope his grace will quit me for my care Sir.

Arb. 'Tis well, royal *Tigranes*, health.

Tigr. More then the ſtrictneſs of this place can give Sir,
I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

Arb. We thank you worthy Prince, and pray excuſe us,
We have not ſeene you ſince your being here,
I hope your noble uſage has been equall

With your owne perſon: your impriſonment,
If it be any, I dare ſay is eaſie,
And ſhall not outlaſt two dayes. *Tigr.* I thank you;
My uſage here has been the ſame it was,
Worthy a royal Conqueror. For my reſtraint,
It came unkindly, becauſe much unlook'd for;
But I muſt beare it: *Arb.* What Ladie's that *Bacurious*?
Bac. One of the Princes women, Sir.
Arb. I fear'd it, why comes ſhee hither?
Bac. To ſpeak with the Prince *Tigranes*.
Arb. From whom *Bacurius*? *Bac.* From the Princeſs Sir.
Arb. I knew I had ſeen her.
Mar. His fit begins to take him now againe,
'Tis a ſtrange feaver, and 'twill ſhake us all anon, I feare,
Would he weare well cur'd of this raging folly:
Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what
thy liſt, and held the braveſt fellowes; This pelting prating peace
is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to't.
Arb. I ſee there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his owne ends, why did you let her in?
Bac. It was your owne command to bare none from him,
Beſide, the Princeſs ſent her ring Sir, for my warrant.
Arb. A token to *Tigranes*, did ſhe not?
Sir tell truth. *Bac.* I doe not uſe to lie Sir,
This no way I eat or live by, and I think,
This is no token Sir.
Mar. This combate has undone him: if he had been well beaten
he had been temperate; I ſhall never ſee him handſome again,
till he have a Horſe-mans ſtaffe yoak'd throw his ſhoulders, or
an arme broken with a bullet.
Arb. I am ſtifled with. *Bac.* Sir.
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be falſe.
Mar. Now the clap comes.
Bac. You never knevv me ſo, Sir I dare ſpeak it,
And durſt a vvorſt man tell me, though my better.
Mar. 'Tis well ſaid, by my ſoule.
Arb. Sirra, you anſvver as you had no life.
Bac. That I feare Sir to loſe nobly.
Arb. I ſay Sir once again. *Bac.*

Bac. You may ſay what you pleaſe Sir,
Would *I* might do ſo.

Arb. *I* will Sir, and ſay openly, this woman carries Letters,
By my life *I* know ſhe carries Letters, this woman does it.

Mar. Would *Beſſus* were here to take her aſide and ſearch her,
He would quickly tell you what ſhe carried Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries Letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawds.
Chamber-maids and Poſt-boyes, *I* thank heaven, *I* have none
but his Letters Patents, things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do, What Sir ? *I* reach you not.

Arb. It ſhall not ſerve your turn Prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn Sir? *Arb.* *I* Sir, it ſhall not ſerve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer good Sir.

Arb. This woman ſhall carrie no more Letters back to your
Love *Panthea*, by heaven ſhe ſhall not, I ſay ſhe ſhall not.

Mar. This vvould make a Saint ſvvear like a ſouldier.

Tig. This beats me more King, then the blovves you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them priſoners be
ſtrictly and cloſely kept, or ſirra, your life ſhall anſvver it, and let
no bodie ſpeak vvith them hereafter.

Tigr. Well *I* am ſubject to you,
And muſt indure theſe paſſions:
This is the impriſonment *I* have look'd for alvvaies.
And the dearer place *I* vvould chuſe. *Exeunt Tig. Spa. Bac.*

Mar. Sir, you have done vvell novv.

Arb. Dare you prove it? *Mar.* No.

Arb. You muſt be croſſing me.

Mar. *I* have no Letters Sir to anger you,
But a drie Sonnet of my Corporals
To an old Sutlers vvife, and that i'll burn Sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

Arb. Hovv dareſt thou ſo often forfit thy life?
Thou knovv'ſt 'tis in my povver to take it.

Mar. Yes, and *I* knovv you vvonnot, or if you do, you'l
miſs it quickly. *Arb.* Why?

Mar. Who ſhall tell you of theſe childiſh follies
When *I* am dead? vvho ſhall put to his povver To

To draw thoſe Vertues out of a flood of humors,
When they are drown'd, and make them ſhine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worſe,
And have your too ſelf-glorious temper rot
Into a deep ſleep; and the kingdom with you,
Till Forraign ſwords be in your throats, and ſlaughter
Be every where about you like your flatterers.
Do kill me.

Arb. Prethee be tamer, good *Mardonius*,
Thou know'ſt I love thee, nay I honour thee,
Believe it good old Souldier, I am thine;
But I am rack'd clean from my ſelf, bear with me,
Woot thou bear with me my *Mardonius?* *Enter Gobrias.*

Mar. There comes a good man, love him too, he's temperate,
You may live to have need of ſuch a Vertue,
Rage is not ſtill in faſhion.

Arb. Welcome good *Gobrias.*

Gob. My ſervice and this Letter to your Grace,

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich Mine of Vertue and Beautie,
Your mournful Siſter.

Arb. She is in priſon, *Gobrias*, ſhe is not?

Gob. She is Sir, till your pleaſure to enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh 'tis not fit:
That all the ſweetneſs of the world in one,
The youth and vertue that would tame wild Tygers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloiſtred up; for your loves ſake,
If there be any in that noble heat,
To her wretched Ladie, and forlorn,
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have pitie on her beauties.

Arb. Pray thee ſtand up; 'Tis true, ſhe is too fair,
And all theſe commendations but her own,
Would thou had'ſt never ſo commended her,
Or I nere liv'd to have heard it *Gobrias*;

If thou but know't the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldst in pitie of her be a liar,
Thy ignorance has drawn us wretched man,
Whither my self nor thou canst well tell. O my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou *Gobrias?*

Gob. I do beseech your Grace believe it not,
For let me perish if it be not false. Good Sir reade her Letter.

Mar. This Love, or what a devil it is I know not, he gets more
mischief then a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd or lou-
sie, then live within the Air on't. He that had seen this brave
fellow charge through a grove of pikes but either day, and look
upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes again: if he continue
thus but two dayes more, a Tailor may beat him with one hand
tied behind him.

Arb. Alas she would be at liberty.
And there be a thousand reasons *Gobrias*,
Thousand that will deny it,
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is; and bless her vertues for it,
And me, thought she were closer. She would *Gobrias*,
Good man indeed she would.

Gob. Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and with reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will, go bring her to me. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Bessus, and two sword-men, and a boy.

Bes. Y'are very welcome both; some stools there boy,
And reach a table; Gentlemen oth' Sword,
Pray sit without more complement; be gone child,
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves Sir.

Bes. Nay Gentlemen, and dear friends oth' Sword,
No complement I pray, but to the cause
I hang upon, which in few is my honour.
But to your cause.

Bes. Be wise and speak truth, my first doubt is, my beating
by my Prince. 1 Stay there a little Sir, do you doubt a beating?
Or have you had a beating by your Prince?

Bes. Gentlemen oth' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Brother, what think you of this case?

1 If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 If I have beaten him, I grant the case;
But how? we cannot be too subtile in this business.
I say, but how? *Bes.* Even with his Royal hand.

1 Was it a blow of love or indignation?

Bes. 'Twas twentie blows of indignation, Gentlemen,
Besides two blowes oth' face.

2 Those blows oth' face have made a new Cause on't,
The rest were but an horrible rudeness.

1 Two blowes oth' face, and given by a worse man, I must confess as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the business: Mark me brother, by a worse man, but being by his Prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn teeth, beside the hazard of his nose for ever; all this had been but favours: this is my flat opinion, which I'll die in. 2 The King may do much Captain, believe it; for had he crackt your skull through like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honor: This is strange you may imagine, but this is truth now Captain.

Bes. I will be glad to imbrace it Gentlemen;
But how far may he strike me? 1 There's another
A new cause rising from the time and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion: he may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten: for these are natural to man: your Prince, I say, may beat you, so far forth as his dominion reacheth, that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you erre, 'tis fifteen mile a day,
His Stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must.

1 Be subject to it, you are wise and vertuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie;
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen oth' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us Sir, if we may
profit your understanding, we are bound by vertue of our calling to utter our Opinions. Shortly, and discreetly.

Bes. My forest business is, I have been kick'd.

2 How far Sir?

Bes.

Bes. Not to flatter my selfe in it, all over, my word forc'd,
But not lost, for discreetly I rend it to save that imputation.

1 It shewed discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty cause, pray ponder on't;
Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 He has so brother.

2 Surely he lyes: Now had he set down here
Upon the meere kick, 'thad been cowardly.

1 I think it had been cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend has redeem'd it valiantly
His sword without companions, and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
And should have kick'd him after the delivering
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;
For, say that I were kick'd

2 I must not say so;
Nor I must not heare it spoke by the tongue of man,
You kick'd dear brother, you'r merry.

1 But put the case I were kick'd?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour; put the case you were kick'd?

1 I doe not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly creature that weares his head without a case, his soul in a skin coat: You kickt dear brother?

Bes. Nay Gentlemen, let us doe what we shall doe,
Truly and honestly; Good Sirs to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt, the Captain?

2 The boy may be suppos'd is liable.

1 A foolish forward zeale Sir, in thy friend;
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt.

Bes. I doe suppose it.

1 Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surly no; I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I doe suppose it; you'l grant your boy was kick'd then.

2 By no meanes Captain, let it be supposd full; the word grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted brother?

1 I, this must be granted,

2 Still this must?

1 I say this must be granted.
2 Give me the must again, you palses.
1 I will not hear you walp.
2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together;
I weare as sharp steel as another man,
And fox bites as deep, musted, my dear brother.
But to the cause again. *Bes.* Nay look you gentlemen
2 In a word, I'm done.
I A tall man, but intemperate, 'tis great pitie;
Once more suppose the boy kick'd. Forward.
1 And being throwly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.
2 So much for us; proceed.
1 And in this taren scorn, as I will call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i'th beating Sir, *I* found it four daies since.
2 The error, and a sore one as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well, 'tis sore indeed Sir.
1 That is according to the man that did it.
2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?
Bes. A Lords.
1 The cause is weighty, but had it been two Lords,
And both had kick'd you; *If* you laugh, 'tis clear.
Bes. *I* did laugh
But how will that help me, Gentlemen
2 Yes, it shall help you if you laught aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, *I* laught Sir.
1 My reason now, the valiant man is kown
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2 If he be sure he has bin kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgel'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all sizes, daggers, stooles, and bed-staves
This showes a valiant man.
Bes. Then *I* am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,

For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money,
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating,
I think I have been cudgel'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.

2 Embrace him brother, this man is valiant,
I know it by my self, he's valiant

1 Captain thou art a valiant Gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Bes. My equal friends oth' Sword, I must request your hands to this.

2 'Tis fit it should be.

Bes. Both get me some wine, and pen and Ink within;
Am I cleane Gentleman?

1 Sir, the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body, for I'l pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you goe along and testifie to the
Lord *Bacurius*, whose foot has struck me, how you find my cause.

3 Go will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,
Or there are those abroad, will rule his Lordship; *Exeunt*

Enter Arbaces at one doore, and Gob, and Panthea at another

Gob. Sir here's the princess.

Arb. Leave us then alone,
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but her self. *Exit Gob.*
You'r welcome Sister, and would to heaven
I could so bid you by another name:
If you above love not such sins as these
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak I

Arb. Please me?
I more then all the art of musick can.
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected newes;
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.

I pray thee think so. *Pan* Be it so, I will
Am I the first that ever had a wrong

So far from being fit to have redreſs,
That 'twas unfit to heare it? I will backe
To priſon, rather then diſquiet you,
And wait till it be fit. *Arb.* No, doe not goe;
For I will heare thee with a ſerious thought;
I have collected all that's man about me
Together ſtrongly, and I am reſolv'd
To heare thee largely, but I doe beſeech thee,
Doe not come neerer to me, for there is
Somthing in that, that will undoe us both.

Pan. Alas Sir, am I venome. *Arb.* Yes, to me,
Though of thy ſelfe I think thee to be
In equal degree of heat or could,
As nature can make: yet as unſound men
Convert the ſweeteſt and the nouriſhing'ſt meats
Into diſeaſes; ſo ſhall I diſtemper'd,
Doe thee, I pray thee draw no neerer to me,

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it ſhould be thus,
Is all I wiſh to know. *Arb.* Why credit me *Panthea.*
Credit me that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, and there is none can ſee
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undoe thee everlaſtingly,
Onely to heare, wilt thou but credit this,
By heaven 'tis true, believe it if thou canſt.

Pan. Children and fooles are ever credulous,
An I am both, I think for I beleeve;
If you diſſemble, be it on your head
Ile backe unto my priſoner: yet me thinks
I might be kept in ſome place where you are;
For in my ſelfe, I find I know not what
To call it, but it is a great deſire
To ſee you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a ſtop, what doe you meane?
Deare ſiſter, doe not ſo: Alas *Panthea*,
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cauſe
You are impriſon'd, that you may not be

Where

Where I am.

Pan. Then I must indure it sir, Heaven keep you.

Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short *Panthea*,
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a Violet
Full of the morning dew: There is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather then follow it: Know that I have lost
The onely difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.

Pan. Heaven forbid.

Arb. Nay 'tis gone;
And I am left as far without a bound,
As the wild Ocean, that obeies the winds;
Each sudden passion throwes me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will:
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of, if thou dar'st consent to this;
Which I beseech thee do not, thou maist gain
Thy libertie, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee; For Heaven knowes
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at sometime will enforce my madness
To make a start eene to thy ravishing:
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurle them against me: for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, readie to seize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the King:
But it is true, that I shall rather chuse
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Then welcome such a sin: it is my fate,

To

To theſe croſſe accidents I was ordain'd,
And muſt have patience; and but that my eies
Have more of woman in them then my heart,
I would not weep: Peace enter you again.
Arb. Farewel, and good *Panibes* pray for me,
Thy praiers are pure, that I may find a death
However ſoon before my paſſions grow
That they forget what I deſire is ſin;
For thither they are tending if that happen,
Then I ſhall force thee tho' thou were a Virgin
By vow to Heaven, and ſhall pull a heap
Of ſtrange yet uninvented ſin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you ſhall know
It is a ſullen fate that governs us,
For I could wiſh as heartilie as you
I were no ſiſter to you, I ſhould then
Imbrace your lawful love, ſooner then health.
Arb. Couldſt thou affect me then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That as it is, I nere ſhall ſway my heart,
To like another. *Arb.* Then I curſe my birth,
Muſt this be added to my miſeries
That thou art willing too? is there no ſtop
To our full happineſs, but theſe meer ſounds
Brother and ſiſter? *Pan.* There is nothing elſe,
But theſe alaſſe will ſeperate us more
Then twentie worlds betwixt us. *Arb.* I have livd
To conquer men and now am overthrown
Onely by words brother and ſiſter: where
Have thoſe words dwelling: I will find them out,
And utterly deſtroy them; but they are
Not to be graſp'd: let them be men or beaſts,
And I will cut them from the earth or towns,
And I will raiſe them, and then blow them up:
Let them be Seas, and I will drink them off,
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breaſt:
Let them be any thing but meerlie voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force

Or policie to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea, What ſhall we do?
Shall we ſtand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?
Pan. Would I could do ſo,
But I ſhall weep out mine. *Arb.* Accurſed man,
Thou bought'ſt thy reaſon at too dear a rate,
For thou haſt all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched man? Who ever ſaw the bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd
Becauſe they had one Damme?
Pan. Sir, I diſturb you and my ſelf too;
'Twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be ſo fooliſh as I was,
Stay, we will love juſt as becomes our births,
No othervviſe: brother and ſiſters may
Walk hand in hand together; ſo will we,
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me? *Pan.* No by heaven.
Arb. Why yet you ſent unto *Tygranes*, ſiſter.
Pan. True, but for another: for the truth.
Arb. No more,
Ile credit thee, thou canſt not lie,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing elſe,
That vve may do, but onely vvalk? me thinks
Brothers and ſiſters lavvfully may kiſſe.
Arb. And ſo they may *Panthea*, ſo will we,
And kiſs again too; we vvere too ſcrupulous,
And fooliſh, but vve vvill be ſo no more.
Pan. If you have any mercie, let me go
To priſon, to my death to any thing:
I feel a ſin growing upon my blood,
VVorſe then all theſe, hotter then yours.

Arb. That is impoſſible, what ſhould we do?
Pan. Flie Sir, for Heavens ſake.
Arb. So we muſt away,
Sin grows upon us more by this delay. *Exeunt ſeveral waies.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Mardonius and Lygones.

Mar. SIr, the King has ſeen your Commiſſion, and believes it, and freely by this warrant gives you power to viſit Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Maſter.
Lyg. I thank his Grace and kiſs his hand.
Mar. But is the main of all your buſineſs ended in this?
Lyg. I have another, but a worſe, I am aſham'd, it is a buſineſs.
Mar. You ſerve a worthie perſon, and a ſtranger, I am ſure you are; you may imploy me if you pleaſe without your purſe, ſuch Offices ſhould ever be their own rewards.
Lyg. I am bound to your Nobleneſſe.
Mar. I may have need of you, and then this curteſie,
If it be any, is not ill beſtowed:
But may I civilly deſire the reſt?
I ſhall not be a hurter if no helper.
Lyg. Sir you ſhall know I have loſt a fooliſh daughter,
And with her all my patience pilfer'd away
By a mean Captain of your Kings.
Mar. Stay there ſir;
If he have reacht the noble worth of Captain,
He may well claim a worthie Gentlewoman,
Though ſhe were yours, and Noble.
Lyg. I grant all that too; but this wretched fellow
Reaches no further then the emptie name
That ſerves to feed him; were a valiant,
Or had but in him any Noble nature
That might heerafter promiſe him a good man,
My cares were ſo much lighter, and my grave
A ſpan yet from me.

Mar.

Mar. I confeſs ſuch fellowes
Be in all Royal Camps and have and muſt be,
To make the ſin of coward more deteſted
In the mean ſouldier that with ſuch a foile
Sets off much valour. By deſcription
I ſhould now gueſs him to you, it was *Beſſus*,
I dare almoſt with confidence pronounce it.

Lig. 'Tis ſuch a ſcurvie name as *Beſſus*, and now I think 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me Sir, you have a miſery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him,
For that muſt be the end of all his ſervice:
Your Daughter was not mad ſir?

Lig. No, would ſhe had been,
The fault had had more credit: *I* would do ſomething.

Mar. I would fain councel you, but to what I know not, Hee's ſo below a beating, that the women find him not worthy of their diſtaves, and to hang him were to caſt away a rope; hee's ſuch an ayrie, thin unbodied coward, that no revenge can catch him: ile tell you ſir, and tell you truth; this raſcal fears neither God nor man, he has been ſo beaten: ſufferance has made him wanſcoat: he has had ſince a was firſt a ſlave, at leaſt three hundred daggars ſet in in's head, as litle boyes do new knives in hot meat, ther's not a rib in's body in my conſcience that has not bin thrice broken with dry beating: and now his ſides look like two wicker Targets, every way bended, Children will ſhortly take him for a wall. And ſet their ſtone-bowes in his forehead, he is of ſo baſe a ſenſe, I cannot in a week imagine what ſhall be done to him. *Lig.* Sure I have committed ſome great ſin that this fellow ſhould be made my rod. I would ſee him, but I ſhall have no patience. *Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you have not, if a laming of him, or ſuch a toy may do you pleaſure; ſir he has it for you, and ile help you to him: 'tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a ſhoulder out, with being turn'd ath' ſtones like a tanzie: Draw not your ſword if you love it; for on my conſcience his head will break it: we uſe him i'th warres like a Ram to ſhake a wall withall; here comes the very perſon of him, do as you ſhall find your temper, I muſt leave you: but if

you do not break him like a bisket, you are much too blame ſir.
Exit Mar.

Enter Beſſus and the ſword men.

Lig. Is your name *Beſſus*. *Beſ.* Men call me Captain *Beſſus*.

Lig. Then Captain *Beſſus*, you are a rank raſcal, without more exordiums, a dirty frozen ſlave; and with the favour of your friends here I will beat you. 2 *Sword.* Pray uſe your pleaſure ſir, you ſeem to be a gentleman. *Lig.* Thus Captain *Beſſus*, thus; thus twing your noſe, thus kick, thus tred you.

Beſ. I do beſeech you yeeld your cauſe ſir quickly. *Lig.* Indeed *I* ſhould have told that firſt. *Beſ.* I take it ſo.

1 *Sword.* Captain, a ſhould indeed, he is miſtaken. *Lig.* Sir, you ſhall have it quickly, and more beating, you have ſtoln away a Lady, Captain coward, and ſuch an one. *beats him.*

Be. Hold, *I* beſeech you, hold ſir, *I* never yet ſtole any living thing that had a tooth about it: *Lig. I* know you dare lie

Beſ. with none but Summer Whores upon my life ſir, my means and manners never could attempt above a hedge or hay-cock.

Lig. Sirra, that quits not me, where is this Lady? do that you do not uſe to do; tell truth, or by my hand, ile beat your Captains brains out, waſh'm and put'm in again, that will I. *Beſ.* There was a Lady ſir, I muſt confeſs, once in my charg: the Prince *Tigranes* gave her to my guard for her ſafety, how I us'd her, ſhe may her ſelfe report, ſhe's with the Prince now: *I* did but wait upon her like a groom which ſhe will teſtifie I am ſure: if not my brains are at your ſervice when you pleaſe ſir, and glad I have 'em for you. *Lig.* This is moſt likely, ſir, *I* ask you pardon, and am ſorry *I* was ſo intemperate. *Beſ.* Well *I* can ask no more, you will think it ſtrange not to have me beat you at firſt ſight. *Lig.* Indeed *I* would, but I know your goodneſs can forget twenty beatings, you muſt forgive me. *Beſ.* Yes ther's my hand, go where you will, I ſhall think you a valiant fellow for all this. *Lig.* My Daughter is a Whore, *I* feel it now too ſenſible; yet I will ſee her, diſcharge my ſelfe from being father to her, and then back to my Country, and ther die, farewel Captain. *Exit Ligo.* *Beſ.* Farewell ſir, farewel, commend me to the gentlewoman I pray. 1 *Sword.* How now Captain? bare up man. *Beſ.* Gentlemen oth'ſword, your hands once more

I have

I have been kickt again, but the fooliſh fellow is penitent, has askt me mercie, and my honour's ſafe. 2 *Sword.* We knew that, or the fooliſh fe low had better have kickt his grandſir. *Beſ.* Confirm, confirm I pray. 1 *Sword.* There be our hands agen, now let him come and ſay a was not ſorrie, and a ſleeps for it.

Beſ. Alaſſe good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go, theſe courſes will undo him. *Exeunt clear.*

Enter Lygones and Bacurius.

Bac. My Lord your authoritie is good, and I am glad it is ſo, for my conſent would never hinder you from ſeeing your own King, I am a miniſter, but not a governour of this ſtate, yonder is your King, ile leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is indeed, and with him my diſloyal child.

Tigr. I do perceive my fault ſo much, that yet methinks thou ſhouldſt not have forgiven me. *Lyg.* Health to your Majeſtie.

Tigr. What ? good *Lygones*, welcome, what buſineſſe brought thee hither ? *Lyg.* Several buſineſſes. My publick buſineſſes will appear by this I have a meſſage to deliver, which if it pleaſe you ſo to authorize, is an Embaſſage from the Armenion ſtate, unto *Arbaces* for your libertie : the offers there ſet down, pleaſe you to read it. *Tigr.* There is no alteration happened ſince I came thence ? *Lyg.* None ſir, all as it was. *Tygr.* And all our friends are well. *Lig.* All verie well. *Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good, I dare not ſee my Father, it was fault enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lyg. Maddam, I ſhould have ſeen you. *Spa.* O good ſir forgive me. *Lyg.* Forgive you, why ? I am no kin to you am I ?

Spa. Should it be meaſured by my mean deſerts, indeed you are not. *Lyg.* Thou couldſt prate unhappily ere thou couldſt go, vvonld thou couldſt do as well, and hovv does your cuſtome hold out here ? *Spa.* Sir ? *Lyg.* Are you in private ſtill, or how ? *Spa.* What do you mean ? *Lyg.* Do you take money ? Are you come to ſell ſiu yet ? perhaps I can help you to liberal clients: or has not the King caſt you off yet ? O thou vile creature, whoſe beſt comendations is that thou art a young whore, I would thy mother had liv'd to ſee this : or rather that I had died ere I had ſeen it; why didſt not make me acquainted when thou wert

firſt reſolv'd to be a whore? *I* would have ſeen thy hot luſt ſatisfied more privately: *I* would have kept a dancer and a whole conſort of muſicians in mine own houſe onely to fiddle thee. *Spa.* Sir I was never whore. *Lig.* If thou couldſt not ſay ſo much for thy ſelfe thou ſhouldſt be Carted. *Tigr.* *Ligones*, I have red it, and I like it, you ſhall deliver it. *Lig.* Well ſir, I will: but I have private buſineſs with you. *Tigr.* Speake, what iſt? *Lig.* How has my age deſerv'd ſo ill of you, that you can pick no ſtrumpets i'th land, but out of my breed? *Tig.* Strumpits good *Ligones*.

Lig. Yes and I wiſh to have you know, I ſcorne to get a whore for any prince alive, and yet ſcorne will not help me thinks: my daughter might have been ſpar'd, there were enow beſides. *Tig.* May I not proſper but ſhes innocent as morning light for me and I dare ſweare for all the world. *Lig.* VVhy is ſhe with you then? can ſhe wait on you better then your man, has ſhe a gift in plucking off your ſtockings, can ſhe make Cawdles well, or cut your cornes. Why doe you keep her with you? For a Queen I know you doe contemne her, ſo ſhould I, and every ſubject elſe think much at it. *Tigr.* Let'm think much, but'tis more firme then earth thou ſee'ſt thy Queen there. *Lig.* Then have I made a fair hand, I cal'd her Whore, if *I* ſhall ſpeak now as her father, I cannot chuſe but greatly rejoyce that ſhe ſhall be a Queen: but if I ſhall ſpeak to you as a Statſ-man, ſhe were more fit to be your whore. *Tigr.* Get you about your buſineſs to *Arbcus*, now you talk idley. *Lig.* Yes ſir *I* will goe, and ſhall ſhe be a Queen? ſhe had more wit then her old father, when ſhe ran away ſhall ſhe be Queen? now by my troth 'tis fine, ile dance out of all meaſure at her wedding: ſhall I not ſir? *Tigr.* Yes marry ſhalt thou.

Tig. Ile make theſe withered kexes bear my body two houres together above ground. *Tigr.* Nay goe my buſineſs requiers haſt.

Lig. Good heaven preſerve you, you are an excellent King.

Spa. Farewell good Father. *Lyg.* Farewel ſweet vertuous daughter, I never was ſo joyful in all my life, that I remember: ſhall ſhe be a Queen? Now I perceive a man may weep for joy, I had thought they had lied that ſaid ſo. *Exit Lyg.*

Tig. Come my dear love. *Spa.* But you may ſee another may alter that again. *Tigr.* Urge it no more, I have made up a new ſtrong conſtancie, not to be ſhook with eyes: I know I have the

Paſſions

passions of a man, but if I meet with any subject that should hold my eyes more firmly then is fit, ile think of thee, and run away from it: let that suffice. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Bacurius and his servant.

Bac. Three Gentlemen without to speak with me? *Ser.* Yes sir. *Bac.* Let them come in.

Enter Bessus with the two sword-men.

Ser. They are entred sir already. *Bac.* now fellows, your business? are these the Gentlemen? *Bes.* My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen my friends ath' sword along with me. *Bac.* I am afraid youle fight then. *Bes.* My good Lord, I will not, Your Lordship is much mistaken, fear not Lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorrie for't. *Bes.* I ask no more in honour, Gentlemen, you hear my Lord is sorrie. *Bac.* Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull bodie will require a laming, as surfets do the diet, spring and fall, now to your Sword-men. What come they for good Captain stock-fish? *Bes.* It seems your Lorship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans? what shall these billets do; be pill'd up in my wood-yard? *Bes.* Your Lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it: but for these Gentlemen, they to me. *Bac.* To swear you are a coward, spare your book. I do believe it. *Bes.* Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands I am no coward. *Bac.* That would be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, and take mony for this motion, travell with it, and where the name of *Bessus* has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more then a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thriftie, then your Captainship; and more natural; Men of most valiant hands is this true? 2 *Sword. It* is so most renowned. *Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange. Sword. Lord, it is strange, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings, & we do find his honor is come off clean and sufficient; this as our swords shall help us. *Bac.* You are much bound to your bil-bow men, *I* am glad you are straight again Captain; 'twere good you would think some way to gratifie them, that have under-gon a labour

for you *Beſſus*, would have puzled *Hercules* with all his valour.

2. *Sword.* Your Lordſhip muſt underſtand we are no men ath'-law, that take pay for our opinions: it is ſufficient we have cleer'd our friend. *Bac.* Yet there is ſomthing due, which I as toucht in conſcience will diſcharge Captain; ile pay this rent for you.

Beſ. Spare your ſelf my good Lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the vertue. *Bac.* That is but a cold diſcharge ſir for the pains. 2 *Sword.* O Lord, my good Lord. *Bac.* Be not ſo modeſt, I will give you ſomething. *Beſ.* They ſhall dine with your Lordſhip, that's ſufficient. *Bac.* Somthing in hand the while, you rogues, you appleſquires: do you come hither with your botled valour, your windie froth, to limit out my beatings? 1 *Sword.* I do beſeech your Lordſhip. 2 *Sword.* O good Lord. *Bac.* S'foot what a beautie of beaten ſlaves are here? get me a cudgel ſirra, & a tough one. 2 *Sword.* More of your foot, I do beſeech your Lordſhip. *Bac.* You ſhall, you ſhall dog; and your fellow-beagle.

1. *Sword.* A this ſide good my Lord. *Bac.* Off with your ſwords for if you hurt my foot, ile have you flead you raſcals. 1 *Sword.* Mine's off my Lord. 2 *Sword.* I beſeech your Lordſhip ſtay a little my ſtrap's tide to my cod-piece point: now when you pleaſe. *Bac.* Captain theſe are your valiant friends, you long for a litle too?

Beſ. I am very well, *I* humbly thank your Lordſhip. *Bac.* What's that in your pocket, hurts my toe you mungrel? thy buttocks cannot be ſo hard, out with it quickly. 2 *Sword.* Here 'tis ſir, a ſmall piece of Artillerie, that a Gentleman a dear friend of your Lordſhips ſent me with; to get it mended ſir, for if you mark, the noſe is ſomwhat looſe. *Bac.* A friend of mine you raſcal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, then kicking theſe two foot-bales.

Enter ſervant.

Sir, Here is a good cudgel ſir. *Bac.* It comes too late I'me wearie, pray thee do thou beat them. 2 *Sword.* My Lord, this is foul play i'faith, to put a freſhman upon us, men are but men ſir.

Bac. That jeſt ſhall ſave your bones; Captain, rally upon your rotten regiment, and be gon; I had rather thraſh then be bound to kick theſe raſcals till they cri'd ho; *Beſſus.* You may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewel, as you like this, pray vit me again, 'twil keep me in good health. *Exit Bac.*

2 *Sword.* Has a deviliſh hard foot, *I* never felt the like. 1 *Sword.*

Nor.

1 *Sword.* Nor I, & yet I am ſure I have felt a hundred. 2 *Sword.* If a kick thus i'th dog-daies, a will be dry foundred: what cure now Captain, beſide oyl of baies? *Beſ.* Why well enough I warrant you, you can go? 2 *Sword.* Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feel a ſhrowd ach, ſure has ſprang my huckle-bone. 1 *Sword.* I ha loſt a hanch; *Beſ.* A little butter, friend a little butter, butter and parſley, and a ſoveraigne matter: *probatum eſt.* 2 *Sword.* Captain we muſt requeſt your hand now to our honours. *Beſ.* Yes marry ſhall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our ſelves, and there's an end. 1 *Sword.* Nay then we muſt be valiant Oh, my ribs. 2 *Sword.* O my ſmall guts, a plague upon theſe ſharp-toed ſhews they are murtherers. *Exeunt clear.*

Enter Arbaces with his ſword drawn.

Arb. It is reſolv'd, I bare it whilſt I could, I can no more I muſt begin with murther of my friends, & ſo go on to that inceſtuous raviſhing, and end my life and ſins with a forbiden blow, upon my ſelfe.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What Tragedie is neer? that hand was never wont to draw a ſword, but it cry'd dead to ſomething. *Arb. Mardonius,* have you bid *Gobrias* come? *Mar.* How doe you ſir? *Arb.* Well, is a coming? *Mar.* Why, Sir, are you thus? why does your hand proclaim a lawleſs war againſt your ſelfe? *Arb.* Thou anſwereſt me one queſtion with another, is *Gobrias* coming? *Mar.* Sir he is: *Arb.* 'Tis well, I can forbear your queſtions then, be gone. *Mar.* Sir, I have mark't. *Arb.* Mark leſs, it troubles you and me. *Mar.* You are more variable then you were. *Arb.* it may be ſo. *Mar.* To day no Hermit could be humbler then you were to us all. *Arb.* And what of this? *Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes, as you would look us all out of the Land. *Arb.* I do confeſs it, will that ſatisfie? I prethe get the gone *Mar.* Sir, I will ſpeak. *Arb.* Will ye? *Mar.* It is my duty. I fear you will kill your ſelf: I am a ſubject, and you ſhall doe me wrong in't: 'tis my cauſe, and I may ſpeak. *Arb.* Thou art not train'd in ſin, it ſeems *Mardonius*: kill my ſelf, by heaven I will not doe it yet; and when I will, Ile tell thee then: I ſhall be ſuch a creature, that thou wilt give me leave without a word. There is a method in mans wickedneſs, it grows up by degrees: I am not come ſo high as killing of my ſelfe, there

I'll are

are a hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, which I must do, and I shall come to't at last; but take my oath not now, be satisfied, and get thee hence. *Mar.* I am sorrie 'tis so ill. *Arb.* Be sorrie then, true sorrow is alone, grieve by thy self. *Mar.* I pray you let me see your sword put up before I go: Ile leave you then.

Arb. Why so? what follie is this in thee, is it not as apt to mischief as it was before? can I not reach it think'st thou? these are toies for children to be pleas'd with, and not men, now I am safe you think: I would the book of fate were here, my sword is not so sure but I would get it out and mangle that that all the destinies should quit forget their fixt decrees, & haste to make us new for other fortunes, mine could not be worse, wile thou now leave me? *Mar.* Heaven put into your bosome temperate thoughts, Ile leave you though I feare *Arb.* Go thou art honest, why should the hasty error of my youth be so unpardonable to draw a sin helpless upon me? *Enter Gobrias. Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe. *Arb.* Draw neer thou guilty man, that art the authour of the loathedst crime five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak; curses more incurable, and all the evils mans body or his spirit can receive be with the. *Gob.* Why sir do you curse me thus

Arb. Why doe I curse thee? if there be a man subtil in curses, that exceeds the rest, his worst wish on thee, thou hast broke my heart. *Gob.* How sir have I preserv'd you from a child, from all the arrows, malice, or ambition could shoot at you, & have I this for my pay? *Ar.* Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that wert crueller then hardned murtherers of infants & their mothers? thou didst save me only till thou hadst studied out a way how to destroy me cunningly thy self: this was a curious way of torturing. *Gob.* What doe you meane? *Arb.* Thou knowest the evils thou hast done to me; dost thou remember all those witching letters thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*, fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister, where thou extol'st her beauty, what had I to do with that? what could her beautie be to me, and thou didst write how well she lov'd me, dost thou remember this? so that I doted something before I saw her.

Gob. This is true. *Arb.* Is it, and when I was return'd thou knowest thou didst pursue it, till thou wounds't me into such a strange and unbeliev'd affection, as good men cannot think on. *Gob.* This I grant I think I was the cause *Arb.* Were thou? Nay more, I think thou mean'st it. *Gob.* Sir I hate

to

to lie, as I love heaven and honesty, I did, it was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine own sad judg, a further condemnation will not need, prepare thy self to die. *Gob.* Why sir to die? *Arb.* Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender so impudent, that had a thought of mercy after confession of a crime like this? get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in, but I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness left for me. *Gob.* Now is the time, hear me but speak

Arb. No, yet I will be far more merciful then thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me, and never gav'st me warning: so much time as I give thee now, had prevented thee for ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins, if thou hast hope, that there is yet a prayer to save thee turn and speak it to thy self. *Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em, if you kill me. *Arb.* I will not stay then. *Gob.* Know you kill your Father. *Arb.* How? *Gob.* You kill your Father. *Arb.* My Father? though I know't for a lie, made out of feare to save thy staind life: the very reverence of the word comes cross me, and ties mine arme down. *Gob.* I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy Father, *I* charge thee heare me, *Arb.* If it should be so, as 'tis most false, and that *I* should be found a bastard issue, the despised fruit of lawless lust, *I* should no more admire all my wild passions: but another truth shal be wrong from thee: if I could come by the spirit of pain, it should be powred on thee, Till thou alow'st thy selfe more full of lies then he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about, *I* come to speak to thee thou wicked man, hear me thou tyrant. *Arb.* I will turn to thee, hear me thou Strumpet; *I* have blotted out the name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame. *Ara.* My shame, thou hast less shame then any thing; why doest thou keep my daughter in a prison? why doest thou call her sister, and do this? *Ara.* Cease thy strange impudence, and answer quickly if thou contemnest me, this will aske an answer, and have it. *Ara.* Help me gentle *Gobrias*. *Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt though they grow together in doing ill, yet at the punishment they sever, and each flies the noise of other, think not of help, answer. *Ara.* I will, to what? *Arb.* To such a thing, as if it be a truth think what a creature thou hast made thy selfe, that didst not shame to do, what I must blush onely to ask thee: tell me who I am, whose son I am without all circumstance

be thou as hasty as my sword will be if thou refusest. *Ara.* Why you are his son. *Arb.* His son? swear, sweare, thou worse then woman damn'd. *Ara.* By all that's good you are. *Arb.* Then art thou all that ever was known bad, now is the cause of all my strange mis-fortunes come to light; what reverence expectest thou from a child, to bring forth which thou hast offended heaven, thy husband, and the Land: adulterous witch, I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me, I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot: then wicked mother of my sins, and me, show me the way to the inheritance *I* have by thee: which is a spacious world of impious acts that I may soon possesse it: plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases, as use to pay lust recompence thy deed. *Go.* You doe not know why you curse thus *Arb.* Too well; you are a pair of Vipers; and behold the serpent you have got; there is no beast but if he knew it, has a pettigree as brave as mine, for they have more discents, & I am every way as beastly got, as far without the compass of Law as they. *Ar.* You spend your rage and words in vaine, and raile upon a gueſs; hear us a little. *Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away my breath, and die. *Gob.* Why, but you are no Bastard. *Arb.* How's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine. *Arb.* Still you goe on in wonders to me. *Gob.* Pray you be more patient, *I* may bring comfort to you.

Arb. I vvill kneel and hear vvith the obedience of a child good father speak, I do acknowledge you, so you bring comfort. *Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed father was old & feeble when he married her, and almost all the Land as she past hope of issue from him. *Arb.* Therefore she took leave to play the whore, because the King was old: is this the comfort? *Ara.* what will you find out to give me satisfaction, when you find how you have injur'd me? let fire consume me, If ever I were a whore. *Cob.* Forbare these starts, or I will leave you wedded to dispaire as you are now: if you can find a temper, my breath shall be a pleasant western winde that cooles and blasts not. *Arb.* Bring it out good father. Ile lie, and listen here as reverently as to an Angel: if I breath too loud, tell me; for I would be as still as night. *Gob.* Our King I say, was old, and this our Queen desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband she thought was past it, and to be dishonest I think she would not: if she would have been, the truth is, she was watcht so narrowly, & had so slender opportunities she hardly

hardly could have been: but yet her cunning found out this way; she fain'd her self with child, and posts were sent in hast throughout the Land, and humble thanks was given in every Church, and prayers were made for her safe going and delivery: she fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd this hope of issue made her fear'd and brought a far more large respect from every man, and saw her power encrease, and was resolv'd, since she believ'd, she could not hav't indeed; as least she would be thought to have a child.

Arb. Doe I not hear it well: nay I will make no noise at all; but pray you to the point quickly as you can. *Gob.* Now when the time was ful, she should be brought to bed, I had a son born, which was you, this the Queen hearing of mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons she shew'd me, as she knew would tie my secrecie, she swore you should be King, and to be short, I did deliver you unto her, and pretended you were dead, and in mine own house kept a funeral, and had an emptie coffin put in earth, that night this Queen fain'd hastily to labour, and by a pair of women of her own, which she had charm'd, she made the world believe she was deliver'd of you. You grew up as the Kings son, til you were 6 year old; then did the King die, and did leave to me Protection of the Realm; and contrary to his own expectation, left this Queen truly with child indeed, of the fair Princess *Panthea*: then she could have torn her hair and did alone to me, yet durst not speak in publike, for she knew she should be found a traitor: & her tale would have bin thought madnes, or any thing rather then truth. This was the onely cause why she did seek to poyson you, and I to keep you safe; and this the reason why I sought to kindle some sparks of love in you to fair *Panthea*, that she might get part of her right again. *Arb.* And have you made an end now? is this all? if not, I will be still till I be aged, till all my hairs be silver. *Gob.* This is all. *Arb.* And is it true say you too Madam? *Ara.* Yes heaven knows it is most true. *Arb. Panthea* then is not my sister. *Gob.* No. *Arb.* But can you prove this? *Gob.* If you will give consent, else who dares go about it? *Arb.* Give consent? why I will have 'em all that know it rackt, to get this from 'em, all that waits without, come in, what ere you be, come in and be partakers of my joy, O you are welcome.

Enter Bessus Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other attendants.

Arb. The best news, nay draw no nearer, they all shall hear it,

I am found no King. *Mar.* Is that ſo good news? *Arb.* Yes the happie news that ere was heard. *Mar.* Indeed 'twere well for you if you might be a little leſs obey'd, *Arb.* One call the Queen. *Mar.* Why ſhe is there. *Arb.* The Queen *Mardonius*? *Panthea* is the Queen and I am plain *Arbaces*; go ſome one, ſhe is in *Gobrias* home, ſince I ſaw you there are a thouſand things delivered to me, you little dream of. *Exit a Gent.* *Mar.* So it ſhould ſeem my Lord what fury's this? *Gob.* Beleeve me 'tis no fury, all that he ſaies is truth. *Mar.* 'Tis very ſtrange. *Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off Gentlemen? is it to me? I ſwear it muſt not be; nay, truſt me, in good faith it muſt not be; I cannot now command you, but I pray you for the reſpect you bare me, when you took me for your K. each man clap on his hat at my deſire.

Mar. We will, you are not found ſo mean a man, but that you may be cover'd as well as we may you not? *Arb.* O not her, you may, but not I, for here is my father in preſence. *Mar.* Where?

Arb. Why there: O the whole ſtory would be a wilderneſſe to looſe thy ſelfe for ever: O pardon me dear father for all the idle and unreverent words that I have ſpoken in idle moods to you: I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-ſubjects, nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my ſiſter. *Beſ.* Why if you remember fellow-ſubject *Arbaces*, I told you once ſhe was not your ſiſter: I, and ſhe lookt nothing like you. *Arb.* I think you did good Captain *Beſſus*. *Beſ.* Here will ariſe another queſtion now amongſt the ſword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no King.

Enter Ligones.

Mar. Sir here's *Ligones*, the agent for the *Armenian* ſtate: *Arb.* Where is he? I know your buſineſſe good *Lignes*. *Lig.* We muſt have our King again, and will. *Arb.* I knew that was your buſineſs: you ſhall have your King again, and have him ſo again as never King was had, go one of you & bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither; and bring the Ladie with him, that *Panthea*. The Queen *Panthea* ſent me word this morning, was brave *Tigranes* miſtreſs. *Exit two Gent.* *Lig.* 'Tis *Spaconia*. *Arb.* I, I, *Spaconia*. *Lig.* She is my daughter. *Arb.* She is ſo: I could now tell any thing I never heard: your King ſhall go ſo home, as never man went.

Mar. ſhall he go on's head? *Arb.* He ſhall have chariots eaſier then aire, that I will have invented, and nere think one ſhall pay any ranſom, and thy ſelf that art the meſſenger, ſhall ride before him

him on a horſe cut out of an intire Diamond, ſhall be made to go with golden wheels, *I* know not how yet. *Lyg.* Why *I* ſhall be made for ever? they beli'd this King with us, and ſaid he was unkind. *Arb.* And then thy daughter, ſhe ſhall have ſome ſtrange thing, we'l have the Kingdome ſold utterlie, and put into a toy which ſhe ſhall wear about her careleſly ſome where or other. See the vertuous Queen; behold the humbleſt ſubject that you have kneel here before you.

Enter Panthea and 1 *Gent.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me that am your vaſſail? *Arb.* Grant me one requeſt. *Pan.* Alas what can *I* grant you? what *I* can, *I* will. *Arb.* That you will pleaſe to marrie me if I can prove it lawful. *Pan.* Is that all? more willingly then *I* would draw this Aire. *Arb.* Ile kiſſe this hand in earneſt. 2 *Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is coming though he made it ſtrange at firſt, to ſee the Princeſs any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The Queen thou meaneſt, O my *Tigranes*, pardon me, tread on my neck, *I* freely offer it, and if thou beeſt ſo given take revenge, for *I* have injur'd thee. *Tigr.* No, *I* forgive, and rejoice more that you have found repentance, then *I* my libertie.

Arb. Maiſt thou be happie in thy fair choice, for thou art temperate. You ow no ranſome to the ſtate, know that *I* have a thouſand joyes to tell you of which yet *I* dare not utter till *I* pay my thanks to Heaven for them: Will you go with me and help me? pray you do. *Tigr.* *I* will.

Arb. Take then your fair one with you; and your Queen of goodneſſe and of us, O give me leave to take your arm in mine: come everie one that takes delight in goodneſſe, help to ſing loud thanks for me, that *I* am prov'd no King.

FINIS.